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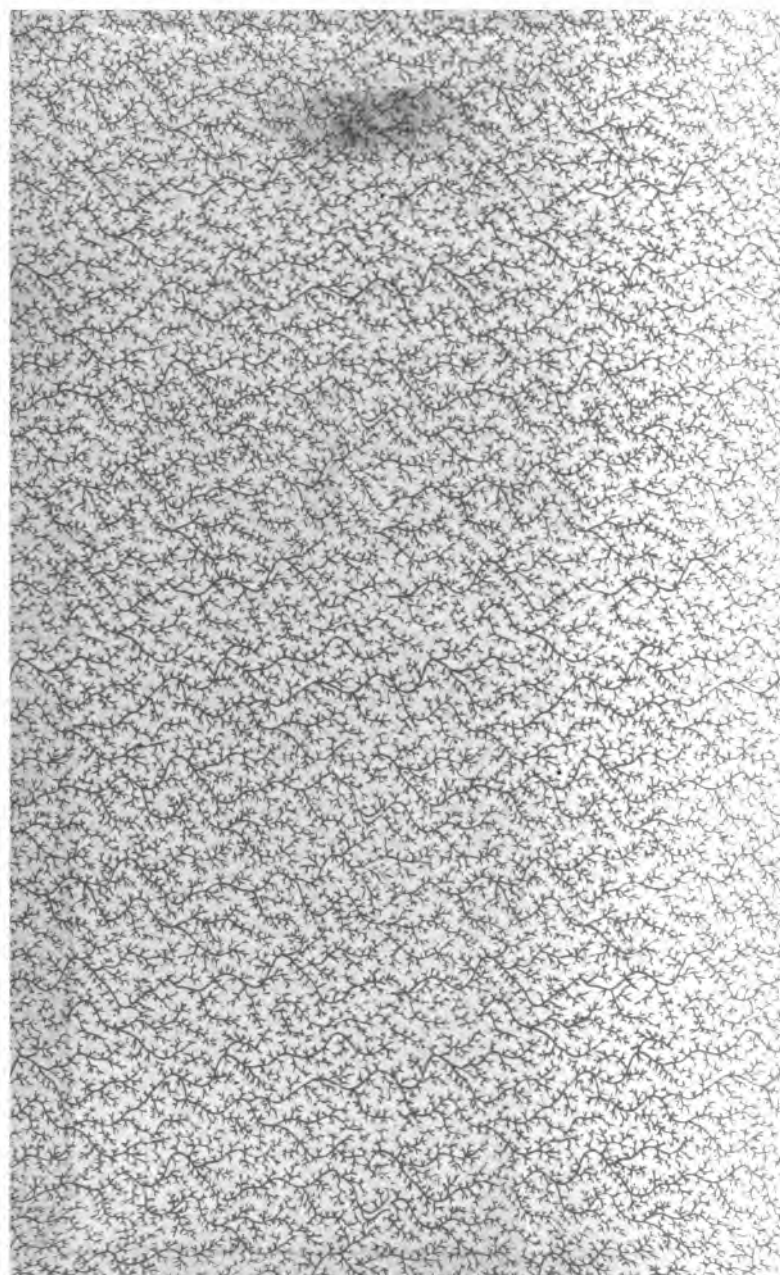
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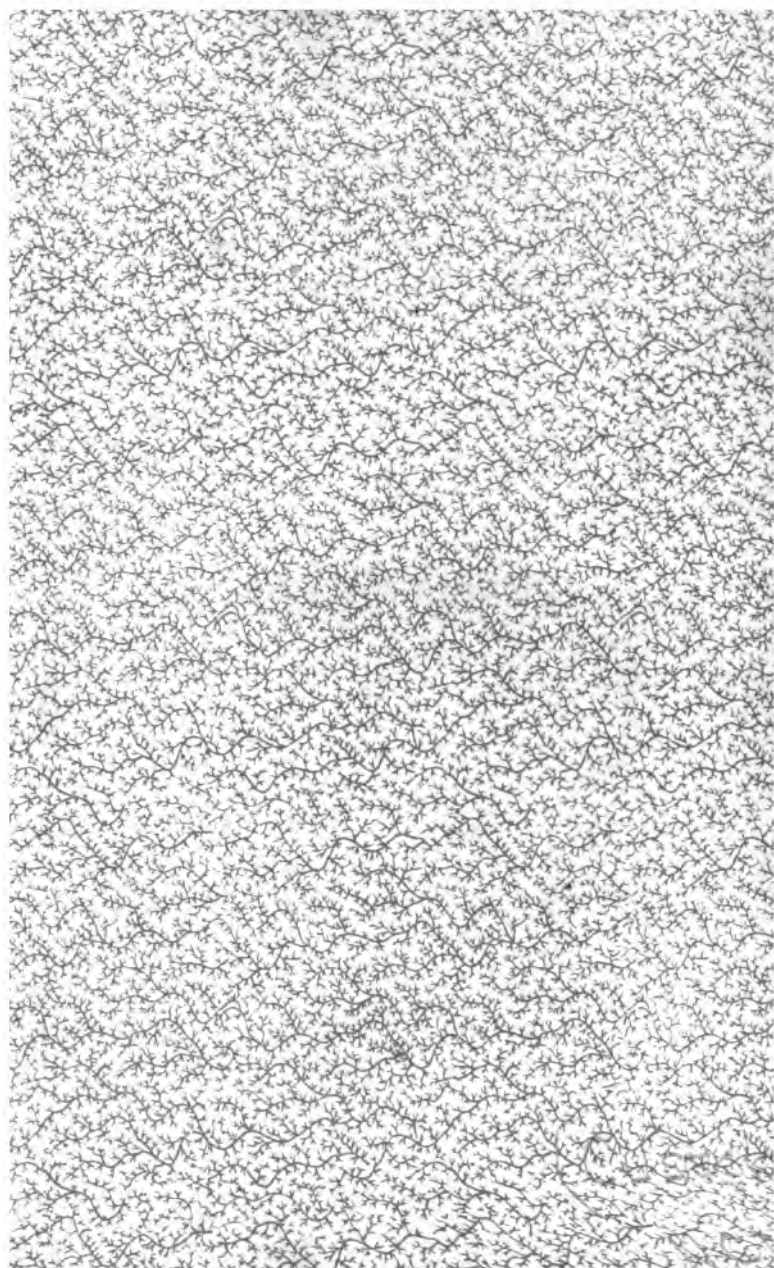
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CLOISTER SONGS

AND

Hymns for Children.

Cloister

BY

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

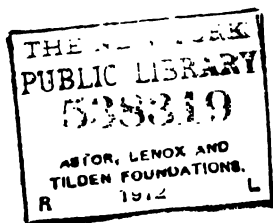
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ROY VAN
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Days of the Cloister.

THE ANGELUS.—EVENING.

I.

THE sun is setting on the distant hill,
Long shadows fall upon the dewy sward,
The little waves are sleeping on the rill,
And on the yew tree sleeps the little bird.

II.

The Autumn night is closing swiftly in ;
Red, frosty mists upon the mountains lie ;
The shepherd softly closes door and bin ;
The crystal moon is rising in the sky.

III.

Far from the busy ways and haunts of men,
Sweet silence falls upon the fields and plain ;
And murmur of sweet prayer is whispered now
And the low convent-bell is heard again.

IV.

Before we sleep, once more, oh ! let us pray—
He watched for us through many a midnight hour ;
Et verbum caro factum est, we say,
And tell how mighty is our Father's power.

COMPLINE.

Nunc dimittis. The Compline hour has rung ;
Oh, shadow us with shadow of Thy wing,
And from the tempter's snare preserve Thine own
From arrow which nocturnal demons fling.

Nunc dimittis. Our evening prayer is sung ;
In manus tuas, we have softly said ;
Oh, Lord, our life, our hope, our living love,
Watch over us and guard our path and bed.

THE BELL-TOWER.

I.

WITH portal carved and many-storied rooms,
Upon the northern side the bell-tower stands ;
Its golden spire the peasant sees from far—
A bright, protecting gleam o'er many lands.
Here massive beams (from forests old, where oaks
Have grown, perchance, long ere a Christian face
Was seen on Erin's shore, or Erin's land
Had heard the message of redeeming grace)

II.

HOLD in their mighty strength the massive weight
Of ponderous bells whose metal tempered rare
And proof through furnace mould and skilful hands,
Its messages of joy or grief to fear.
The first was called *Beata Trinitas* ;
The legend sculptured on its outer rim
Was such as olden monk of olden time
Would fain have set for heading of a hymn.

III.

"The one true God I praise"—these were the words
Thus quaintly carved ; and under this you read :
"I call the people and the clergy bring,"
From matin-time 'till Compline hour is said.
The one true God I praise with grand loud voice ;
O'er sea and land, all men shall hear my call.
Then let them lowly kneel and bend the head,
And in meek worship by the wayside fall.

IV.

When sounds my voice let all men come to pray ;
Or, if they may not, pray where'er they hear
The chime that tells where brethren congregate
To adore the great true God with reverent fear.
No other work, no other life have I
But "*Deum verum laudem*" still to say ;
And well I do my part, fulfil my work,
From early morn to close of summer's day.

V.

Companions seven have I, who also there
Chaunt with me, but, like priest, I lead the strain,
And am the first and last whose note you hear,
Now up the hill, now down the grassy plain.
And praise should be the loudest note on earth, for it
Will be in heaven the loudest, grandest song,
Since then and there the *Laudo Deo* shall
Roll through the ceaseless ages all along.

VI.

Down through a deep eternity of gathering sound,
Where every note or loud or faint is praise,
Angels and men the jubilate shout
In endless notes through never ending days.
Beside it stood the bell *Magnificat*,
Christened *Regina Nostra*, for our Queen
Next to *Beata Trinitas* on earth, as now in heaven,
For ever and for evermore shall reign.

VII.

And, fitting, too, beside the bell of praise
Was placed the beli *Regina*, for she gives
More praise to God than all the courts of heaven,
More praise to God than any soul that lives.
Its legend is "*Ancilla Domini*" above ; below
All men shall call me blessed, for the Lord
Hath looked upon my lowliness, and made
Me Virgin-Mother of the Virgin Word.

VIII.

Its voice is clearest in the seven-fold chime ;
Amid a thousand you could tell its note !
Calm on the summer gale or winter's blast
Up into heaven itself its accents float.
And when men hear it, full of heavenly trust,
They say, *Regina Nostra*, hear our cry,
Earth would be dark, and heaven itself less bright
Didst not thy glory fill its radiant sky.

IX.

The third was christened The Evangelist—
The bell of preaching near the bell of praise,
Will fitly utter its melodious call
For preaching still to heaven our hearts should
raise.
And it for legend bore the rare device :
" My little children, love as you are loved ;"
And all who heard its sweet and silver chime
To very tears of holiest grief were moved.

X.

So low and soft its pleading accents were—
So very piteously it seemed to say :
“ Oh love, oh love, my little children dear,
The Christ, He asketh, do not turn away ;
He died for love, for very love of you,
My little children, all He asks is love ;”
And so the chime said on from day to day,
Uttering its notes like 'plaining of a dove.

XI.

And next to love, the bell of penitents
Was rung in that old tower's majestic chime.
For penitents, true-hearted, next to love
Will rank when tears have washed out all their crime
The bell was christened Magdalen ; its rim
Bore the sweet legend of a tender heart,
And told how penitents with saintly men
And virgin souls may have their blessed part.

XII.

Its chime was sad, for penitents must weep ;
Its chime was sweet—such tears are full of joy ;
Since upon earth so mixed is all our bliss,
That none may taste it pure from all alloy.
And so when penitents that low chime hear
They say *Rabboni*, too, and weeping go
Along the narrow path that leads to heaven,—
A path of penance, where sweet tears must flow.

XIII.

And they who patient seek shall surely find
Him whom they seek at break of coming day ;
The way of sorrow may be long and dark,
But He shall drive all earthly clouds away.
And haply here who weeping seek their love
Shall find Him when they least have deemed Him
near ;
Shall hear His voice, shall lie in His embrace,
While with His wounded hand He wipes away
each tear.

XIV.

“ Rabboni ”—this was all that bell’s device,
For Christ is all that troubled souls should seek ;
And He will raise the mourner from the ground,
And He will strengthen and console the weak.
The next three bells were named *ad Angelos* ;
One bore the legend, “ Who is like to God ? ”
Its voice was slow and solemn, as to warn
All men who wandered from the heavenly road.

XV.

Its special gift—for bells are blessed to bring
Some special grace, some help to mortal care—
Was by its music grand and resonant
To drive all demons from the upper air.
So when its voice was heard, in wild affright
Fled spirits crafty and all harmful things,
While angels came to listen to its notes,
And spread o’er all their bright protecting wings.

XVI.

The next was Gabriel's bell ; its motto told
Et verbum caro factum est ; and said :
“ When men shall hear, then let them Christ adore,
And bow in lowly worship knee and head.
At morn and eve, and in the noonday heat,
This bell was rung by holy hands with care
That all at morn, and eve, and noonday hour
Might hear the solemn call to holy prayer.

XVII.

At morn, that they might consecrate the day
And think how many weary days their Lord had
spent
Seeking in thorny paths His faithless sheep,
Doing the work His Father's will had sent.
At noon, that they might think how He had hung
For three long hours upon the cruel tree,
And add no grief unto the grief He bore,
But weep His woes with tears most tenderly.

XVIII.

At eve, because the busy day is done,
And we are weary, and should turn to Him
Who is our rest, and hope, and life, and love,
Our changeless joy when earthly joys grow dim.
And next, the bell of healing, Raphael named,
Told its sweet music gently, while the air
Became more healthful, breathed more joyously,
For that dear angel's invocation there.

XIX.

And next—it was the last of all the chime—
It came when we had waited for it very long,
And so was prized the more and dearer still,
Like the last cadence of a tender song ;
And *Pueri Jesu* was the name we gave,
For very, very love, to that last bell ;
There was not one in all that holy chime
That rung so sweetly, that we loved so well.

XX.

When little children heard it—how they smiled—
And *Pueri Jesu* they too said with tears ;
Oh, Christ is beautiful, He is our friend,
Dearer than mother, soothing all our fears.
So *Pueri Jesu* was the children's bell—
It rung at Christmas time, at Christmas came ;
And *Pueri Jesu* had for all its work
To kindle in men's hearts love's burning flame.

XXI.

When little children died, they rung that bell—
'Twas *Pueri Jesu* called them up to heaven,
Called them to play among the angels white,
And crowns and flowers were to those children
given.
Oh, *Pueri Jesu*, come and take me home—
I long to go, to see Thy blessed face ;
Oh, *Pueri Jesu*, come and take me home,
With little children I would have my place.

XXII.

At Christmas time Thou camest to die for me,
At Christmas time for Thee I fain would die.
Oh, *Pueri Jesu*, come and take me home
On Christmas night, when angels fill the sky.
Oh ! it is weary, weary waiting here,
I cannot love Thee as Thou lovest me.
Oh, *Pueri Jesu*, come and take me home,
For I must love Thee when Thy face I see.



THE BELL-TOWER.

(Continued.)

EXCELSIOR.

Higher up, higher up,
Where the lark is singing,
Where the swallow, wild with glee,
Far beyond the flight of bee,
Giveth forth its minstrelsy,
Upward ever winging.

Darting through the summer air,
A moment here, a moment there,
Pranks of gladness playing,
Dealing death to summer fly,
As it soareth in the sky,
For its daring paying.

Higher up, higher up,
Far above the bell-tower hoary, -
Where the owl in all his glory,
Looking cold and wise by fits,
In solemn state, presiding, sits ;
Higher up, higher up.

Let no dizzy brain come here,
Let none climb who speak of fear
Higher up, higher up.
Sure of foot and cool of head
Must he be who would be led
Higher up, higher up.

On the belfry's highest story,
 Where the owl sits in his glory,
 Where with blinking eye he waits
 Till the moon fills all the sky,
 Till the silver stars come out,
 Then he utters with a shout :
 Too-whit—too-whoo,
 While the slow night hours pass by—
 Too-whit—too-whoo.
 Looking wise and cold by fits,
 Thus in the tower the grey owl sits,
 Higher up, higher up.

What thoughts has he ?
 Doth minstrelsy
 Please him, and the eight-fold chime
 Ringing at matin and compline time ?
 Sure he looketh vastly wise,
 Knows the weather, reads the skies.
 Who can tell how in his brain
 Come thoughts of joy or thoughts of pain ;
 Or mayhap, like many men,
 He looks most wise precisely when
 He knows the least, but has the way
 Of *looking* what he ne'er could say :
 Too-whit—too-who.

Pass we the owl, and higher, higher
 Ascend up to the very spire.
 Far beneath the banners float
 As of old from keep o'er moat,
 And here they also tell of war
 Higher up, higher up.

Of war that shall not cease,
For who would reign beyond the stars
Can have with foes no peace.
And so our banners proudly float
As of old from keep, o'er moat.
And thus, with manifold device,
They tell how those shall win the day
Who from their foes ne'er turn away ;
Who never leave the battle-field,
Who never cast aside the shield,
Who boldly run to meet the foe,
Who rise again whene'er cast low
And to their Captain hold them true,
Who with their last expiring breath
Win victory in the hour of death.
Such soldiers God Himself shall own,
And with His conquering hosts enthrone.

Our banner bears its purple stain—
The Cross must ever tell of pain.
Narrow and red the pathway lies
That leadeth to the Eternal skies,
And who would mount the hard-won height,
And who would win its crown of light,
May not by the wayside playing
With summer flowers for aye be straying.

But stern of purpose, brave of heart,
Let him be who has his part
Beneath the banner of the Cross ;
Nor weep o'er earthly pain or loss,

But beside
The banner of the King
Standeth the banner of the Bride,

The banner of the Queen,
 Wrought proudly in with blue and gold.
 Its length the summer winds unfold,
 As if they fain would upward bear
 The charge confided to their care.
 And reverently even on earth
 Would praise that lady's stainless birth,
 And ever closely stands
 The great St. Michael's name—
 Defender of God's people true
 And of her spotless fame.
 So wafted on the summer breeze,
 So far above the highest trees,
 With silken sheen and purple state
 Our banners' feast days celebrate.

III.

Far away, far away,
 You may see the bounding billow,
 Where many a seaman finds his pillow ;
 Where fathoms deep,
 In secret keep,
 It hides away its treasures.
 Far away, far away,
 Looking bright, like earthly pleasures
 'Neath the sunshine's ray ;
 Looking dark like human things
 When the day has spread its wings
 And fled
 Down into its golden bed ;
 When the cowslip and the clover
 Have shut their sweet lids over,

When the little birds have folded
In pillowing wing their tiny beaks,
Till in the sky the glorious streaks,
Of coming morn are quaintly folded.

Far away, far away,
You may see our noble peaks
Pointing up like giant fingers
Where the setting moon still lingers.
For their glories bright and golden
Unto none on earth beholden,
For their fitful shadows fleeting,
Ever changing, never resting—
Now with gold and purple cresting,
Now with green and now with blue—
Ever changing, ever true.
Richest, at the harvest time,
Like a ripe fruit in its prime,
Like an aged man, whose years
Place him first among his peers;
Since for each hour of life you read
On his brow some noble deed,
For good and evil deeds still trace
Their impress on each human face.
Grandest, in the winter time,
When the hoar frost and the thyme
Cover up their towering peaks
And clothe with white our maiden reeks.
Like a dame of high degree
Boasting of her ancestry,
Very proud and very cold
For her pedigree so old.
Not the happier for her state,
Still she blames not Pride, but Fate,

Who hath placed her thus above
All whom she must stoop to love.
Sweetest, in the sweet spring time,
Like a maiden's budding beauty,
Full of trusting faith and duty ;
Heeding not the chime,
Heeding not the headlong flight
Of time, which still from morn till night,
In the summer and the spring,
In the winter and the autumn,
Hasteth on unwearying wing—
Never resting, ever sighing,
Never pausing in its flying ;
Like a maiden blushing deeply,
Slowly cometh forth its charms,
Which too long by icy winter
Hath been held in frosty arms.
Like a matron in her gladness
Ere she dreams that summer flowers
Strew the floor of autumn bowers—
Strew the floor with withered leaves.
Like a maiden now first conscious
Of her beauty and her power.
Like those mountains, green and fragrant,
In the spring's first freshening hour.
Caldest in the summer time,
Like a matron in her prime,
Past the spring's first early flushing,
Nor yet the winter torrent rushing
Hath brought her much of woe.
But here and there are little things
That show how all must pass away,
And Autumn's shadows in the distance
Chide Summer's lengthened stay.

THE BELLS OF KENMARE.

I.

THE bells in the steeple
Are calling the people,
Are calling the people to prayer.
From the mountains rebounding,
The echo resounding
Fills all the sweet vale of Kenmare.

II.

Up where the heather
And furze grow together,
Where the gold-crested wren and the plover are found,
The shepherd boy listens,
While his bright grey eye glistens,
As their melody falleth and ringeth around.

III.

And the old men, amazed,
Say the great God be praised,
Who maketh such music resound through the air ;
And the women, upraising
Their hands, are all praising
The good priest who gave them the bells of Kenmare.

IV.

Now clanging and clashing,
Now thundering and dashing,
And waking the echoes for miles far away ;
Now stealing and pealing,
Their sweet notes revealing,
Like the murmur of song, heard by sunset's last ray.

V.

Far out on the ocean,
With tremulous motion,
Their jubilant clamour they bear.
From the topmast, the sailor
Shouts Home is near, hail her,
For I hear the sweet bells of Kenmare.

VI.

So glad is the gladness,
So sad is the sadness
Of these musical bells as they swing through the air,
You know not if weeping
Or joy is in keeping
With the music that rings from the bells of Kenmare.



TRANSLATIONS.

Those who are not acquainted with Irish archæology can have no conception of the exceeding beauty of our early hymnology.

A collection of early Celtic hymns has been published, but it remains unknown except to literary men. These hymns are in Celtic and in Latin, and some of them are taken from rare and valuable manuscripts.

We give here our metrical translation of some of these hymns and poems. For these we can only claim the merit, if it is such, that they are the *first* attempt at *metrical* translation of our Celtic or Latin hymns.

The originals are grand, often to sublimity.

THE HYMN OF ST. COLMAN FOR PROTECTION
AGAINST PESTILENCE.

“MAY the Son of Mary shield us,
For the blessing of God we wait ;
To-night may He protect us,
Be our numbers ever so great.

“Whether at rest or in motion,
Whether we sit or stand ;
For Thy help is our supplication,
O King of the Heavenly Land.

“May the prayer of Adam's son Abel
And of Heli and Enoch aid ;
In all parts of the world may they keep us,
And we shall be never afraid.

"Noe and Abraham and Isaac,
A wonderful son was he !
May they come around and protect us,
So no harm shall come to me.

"I beseech the illustrious Joseph,
And Isaac, of twelve the sire ;
May the King of angels save us
From pestilence, foe, and fire.

"May the good leader Moses aid us,
Who protected in crossing the Sea ;
With Josue, Aaron, and David,
A brave, bold youth was he.

"Against the great plague poison
May Job assist with his pain,
With the seven sons of Maccabæus,
And the prophets with God who reign.

"Great John the Baptist, we name him,
May he high protection yield,
With Christ and His twelve Apostles,
To be our constant shield.

"May Mary and Joseph guard us,
And the spirit of Stephen pure ;
We invoke the great Ignatius
To make our deliverance sure.

"Every martyr and every hermit,
And each saint of chastity,
Be my constant shield and protection,
And drive the demons from me.

" O King of kings, we beseech Thee,
Our words on Thee still wait,
Who saved Noe and his companions
In the time of the deluge great.

" Melchisedech, king of Salem,
Unknown his pedigree,
May his prayers be my deliverance
From every misery.

" May Christ, who saved Lot from the burning,
Who liveth for evermore,
Hear our prayer and our supplication—
This we fervently implore.

" May the Lord, who delivered Abram,
Be our deliverance too ;
May He save us, who saved His people,
And streams from the hard rock drew.

" May He save us, who saved great David
From the hands of the giant dread,
Who delivered the three youths faithful
From the fire of the furnace red.

" Thou noble Lord of bright Heaven,
Look down on us to-day :
Who never hast left Thy prophets
To be the lions' prey.

" And like as He sent the angel
To free Peter from his chain,
So may He send His mercy
To make our path smooth and plain.

“To Him we submit our willing,
Our words, and our deeds to-day,
That we may be with Him in glory,
And in Paradise live alway.

“As He delivered Jonas—
Great deed—from the dreadful whale,
So may the good King protect us,
May His blessing never fail.

“Amen, Amen, Lord Jesus,
Protect Thy servant's school,
And put a bright guard of angels
Around the place where I rule.

“Amen, Amen, Lord Jesus,
May we all find the peace of the King,
And wherever we may be scattered,
Each one to Thy kingdom bring.

“That we may live ever and ever
With angels in life eternal ;
That we may find ever and ever
The joys of the life supernal.

“Patriarchs, prophets, apostles,
Angels a glorious host,
Come they with our Father in Heaven,
And demons no more shall boast.

“A blessing on Patron Patrick,
With the Saints of Erin around ;
A blessing on this good city,
And on every one in it found.

" A blessing on Patron Brigit,
With the virgins of Erin fair ;
All praise to the cloister pure ones,
Who the portion of virgins bear.

" And a blessing on holy Colum-cille,
And the saints whom Alba saw,
On the soul of pure Adamnan,
Who put on the clans a law.

" May the King, the great Creator,
Take us all beneath His care,
With the Holy Spirit and Jesus,
Whom Mary the Virgin bare.

" Pray for us, all ye holy ones in heaven, whom we commemorate on earth, that our sins may be blotted out by the mercy of the holy name of Jesus, who reigneth for ever and ever. Amen."*

* Colman O'Clusaigh was head of a great school in Cork. He wrote this poem "as a shield of protection" to himself and his pupils when a plague was desolating Ireland A.D. 657—664.

The Preface states that Colman only wrote the first and last verses, and that the other twenty-five verses were written by his pupils, two lines by each, which would give the number of fifty.

This beautiful poem might be quoted, were such evidence needed, as proof that the faith of the Irish has known no change for a thousand years and more. Now as then we could use the very words of the Southern poet and his pupils.

HYMN OF ST. COLUMBA.

ALONE I AM UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

ALONE I am upon the mountain,
O God of Heaven ! prosper my way ;
So shall I pass more free and fearless
Than if six thousand were my stay.
My flesh, indeed, might be defended ;
But when Thy time comes life is ended.
If by six thousand I was guarded,
Or placed in islet in a lake,
Or in a fortress strong protected,
Or in a church my refuge take,
Still God will keep his own with care,
And even in the battle safe they fare :
No man can slay me till the day
When God shall take my life away ;
And when my earthly time is ended,
I die, no matter how defended.

My life !

Without His will no less can it be made ;
As God shall please so let it be,
Nor can they add to it without His leave.
The lot which He has given that I shall see,
Nor prince upon his throne one hour can get
Of life beyond what God for him has set.

A guard !

A guard, indeed, may guide a man full safe,
But never guard can keep a man from death ;
For One alone has rule of every fate—

Alone can give or take our mortal breath.
Nor shall I fear though poverty may come—
The Son of Mary still shall give my share ;
For all the Master portions out some dole of food,
And under His protection all shall safely fare.
What is well spent to bounteous hand returns,
What is denied the niggard keeper spurns.
O Living God, alas ! for evil-working men ;
That which they think not comes to mar their life,
That which they hope for vanishes away,
And leaves them lonely in a world of strife.
No augur's word can tell our future fate—
No bird, no omen, say how long our death shall wait.
I trust not in a bird, or twig, or dream,
But in the Lord of Heaven's eternal might ;
He who has made us all will help me now,
Nor leave me in this mountain lone to-night.
I have no love of earthly kin or kind,
The love of Christ, the Son of God, fills my mind.
The great King's Son, my Lord and abbot, rules ;
All that I have is in the great King's hands :
The houses of my order are at Kells and Moone—
He will protect my people and my lands.
Praise be for evermore, and endless merit,
Unto the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

* This hymn was composed by St. Columba when he fled from the camp of Diarmaid, Monarch of Ireland.

The hymns which follow, *Noli*, *Pater* and *In Te Christi*, were highly esteemed in the early Irish Church. The *Noli Pater*, of which we give the original, was recited as a prayer against fire and thunderstorms.

NOLI, PATER, INDULGERE TONITRUI CUM
FULGERE.

Noli, pater, indulgere
Tonitrua cum fulgure,
Ac frangamur formidine
Hujus atque uridine.
Te timemus terribilem
Nullum credentes similem,
Te cuncta canunt carmina
Angelorum per agmina.
Teque exultent culmina
Cæli vagi per fulmina,
O Jhesu amantissime
O rex regum rectissime.
Benedictus in secula
Recta regens regimina.
Johannes coram domino
Adhuc matris in utero.
Repletus dei gratia pro
Vino atque siccera.
Elizabeth et Zacharias
Verum magnum genuit,
Johannem baptizam
Precursorem domini.
Manet in meo corde
Dei amoris flamma
Ut in argenti vase auri
Ponitur gemma.

Father, keep under
The tempest and thunder,
Lest we should be shattered
By Thy lightning's shafts scat-
tered.
Thy terrors while hearing,
We listen still fearing
The resonant song
Of the bright angel throng,
As they wander and praise
Thee,
Shouts of honour still raise
Thee.
To the King ruling right,
Jesu, lover and light,
As with wine and clear mead,
Filled with God's grace indeed,
Precursor John Baptist's word,
Told of the coming Lord,
Whom, blessed for evermore,
All men should bow before.
Zacharias, Elizabeth,
This Saint begot.
May the fire of Thy love live
in my heart yet,
As jewel of gold in a silver
vase set !

IN TE CHRISTI.

IN te Christi credentium
Miserearis omnium.

THOU who all men dost relieve,
Christ in Thee I do believe,
Come unto my aid, O Lord,
While I labour for Thy word ;
Hasten to my help, I pray,
Bear my burden every day.
Of all mankind the maker Thou,
Before Thy throne our Judge we bow.
O Lord of lords and King of kings !
To Thee all nature homage brings.
The angels all alone in state,
In the celestial city wait.
O God of gods, eternal Light,
O Lord most high, most sweet, most bright ;
O God of patience, past all thought ;
O God, Thou teacher of the taught ;
O God, who hast made all that was,
Of past and present Thou the cause.
O Father, for Thy Son's dear sake,
Prepare the way that I shall take,
And let Thy Holy spirit guide
My soul through all my wandering wide.
Christ, lover of the virgin choir,
Christ, man's Redeemer from hell-fire,
Christ, fount of wisdom, pure and clear,

Christ, in whose word we hope and fear.
Christ, breastplate in the hour of fight,
Christ, who hast made the world and light.
Christ, of the dead the living life,
Christ, of the living, strength in strife.
Christ, crowner of each conquering soul,
Who counts them in the martyrs' roll.
Christ, Sayiour of the world so wide,
Christ, on the Cross at Passion tide
Christ, into depths of hell descends
Christ, into heaven above ascends.



HYMN OF ST. COLUMBA.

“ALTUS PROSATOR.”

ALTUS prosator vetustus dierum et ingenitus
Erat absque origine primordi et crepidine
Est et erit in secula seculorum infinita
Cuj est unigenitus Christus et Sanctus Spiritus
Coeternus in gloria deita deitatis perpetua
Non treis Deos depromimus sed unum Deum dicimus
Salva fide in personis tribus gloriosissimis.

HYMN OF ST. COLUMBA.

"ALTUS PROSATOR."

Ancient of days,
Father most high,
Who art, and shall be,
As the ages go by,
With Christ and the Spirit,
In glory supernal,
Who art God evermore,
Unbegotten, eternal.
We preach not three Gods,
But the unity, One,
The Father, the Spirit,
And co-equal Son.

Bright Angel-thrones,
And virtues, and powers,
By good angels and seraphs
His mercies He showers ;
That the Godhead most blessed,
By His goodness and grace,
With celestial expression
Might all things embrace.

Oast down from high Heaven,
Apostate ranks fell,
And the Son of the Morning
Was dashed down to hell ;
By the foul stain of pride
All his glory was lost,
While the lowly remained
The angelical host.

Demon most fearful,
Once mighty, once wise,
Fell, and with him he drew
A third part of the skies,
Forsaking the true light
In pit most profound,
Was flung this deceiver,
And for evermore bound.

Excelling and perfect
The great world was made,
The earth and the ocean
Came forth as He said,
The herb and the grasses,
The fish and the fire,
And lastly came man,
Created yet higher.

Fair the structure was built,
And the angels their lays
Came to offer to God,
And loudly gave praise.
The stars thus created
Sang loud to His name ;
The universe rang
With the great Maker's fame.

Great the horror and trembling,
The dread and affright,
That our first parents felt
At this vision of night,
At the traitorous angels
In prison-house kept,
While they in atonement
Their first sin had wept.

Hid from sight of all mortals,
Lest their crime should defile,
While crowds of rank demons,
An atmosphere vile ;
Concealed from men only,
But known to the Lord,
These legends of devils
Condemned by His word,

In whirlwinds of azure,
The clouds deeply blue
Are uplifted to Heaven,
God's great work to do ;
At His bidding they pour forth
On vineyard and field,
The streams which fertility
Everywhere yield.

Kings and tyrants once famed,
Of old world renown,
Are dashed deep in ocean,
Remorselessly down ;
The floods and the rock-stones,
The fire and the flame,
Are the torment eternal
Of these men of great fame.

Lo, gently the waters,
Held fast by God's word,
In soft drops do the bidding
Of their Maker and Lord.
Now with warm breath or cold,
As the seasons come round,
God's rivers make fruitful,
And flow on the ground.

- M**ost mighty foundations,
Support the great earth,
On pillar and beam,
Sustained since its birth
By the power of God ;
Made for ever secure,
It rests on foundations
Eternally sure.
- N**one doubts that hell lieth
Where worm and foul beast
On corruption, in darkness,
For ever shall feast ;
Where sulphuric fires
The lost souls assail,
Where for ever resoundeth
The shriek and the wail.
- O**f the dwellers below earth,
Who live in the deep,
Yet pray to the Lord,
As in mystical sleep,
Know not of th' unrolling
Of what prophet reveals,
Nor the mysteries writ
In the book with seven seals.
- P**raise, health, and abundance
In Paradise dwelt,
Where no sorrow nor sickness
Nor grief could be felt ;
Where the tree of life flowered,
Where four rivers ran,
Where the leaves all unfading
Gave healing to man.
- D

Quivered the mountains,
Shouted the thunder,
Loud roared the tempest,
Lightning flashed under,
On the mountain of Sinai,
In terror and awe,
When Moses ascended,
When God gave the law.

Run and hide, for the day
Of the Lord is at hand ;
The King of all kingdoms
In judgment will stand.
Wrath, vengeance, and darkness,
And sadness and fear,
Take the place of all pleasure
Which man has had here.

Sore stricken in terror
At God's judgment-seat,
The deeds we have done here
Receive what is meet.
No more time for repentance,
No more time to do well ;
The sentence eternal
For heaven or hell.

The tramp of the angels
Shall sound wondrous things ;
All bonds dash asunder
With flash of their wings,
And souls meeting bodies
Shall for ever unite,
Some descending to hell,
Some ascending to light.

W ildly north and to south
Wanderers each star,
Driven hither and thither
By tempest afar ;
And the light of the sun
Shall cease from the skies,
And the moon quenched in darkness,
Shall never more rise.

X t descending from heaven
His banner the Cross,
Then indeed shall men know
That all else is but loss.
To the earth the stars falling,
The Cross all shall hide,
For the terrors of judgment
No man can abide.

Y et the chanting of hymns
From the heights shall resound,
And music angelic
Shall be heard all around.
By the four living creatures
In sanctus threefold,
Casting crowns at His feet,
God's praise shall be told.

Z eal-kindled fire
The unjust shall destroy,
Who deny the Lord Jesus,
Our hope and our joy.
And the good shall be raised
In the heavenly choir,
As our merit and glory
Have made each one higher.

"LIFE OF ST. BRIGIT."

Pro Nobis Precetur Brigida.

The first and metrical life of the Saint is too long for insertion here, but we give a few of the concluding verses.

For us may holy Brigit pray,
And keep us safe from harm,
Until we see God's Spirit blest,
Where fears no more alarm.

Against the demons may she be
A fiery sword and strong,
Until her prayers shall bring us safe
To join the angel throng.

To praise God in His Holy Church,
Be still our constant task :
Like holy Brigit, let us not
For earthly pleasures ask.

With all Kildarà's holy ones,
To Brigit I will pray,
That she may save from pain and loss
On the great judgment-day.

O holy Saint ! who Currah's plains
Hast in thy lifetime trod ;
There's none but Mary ever blessed
Has come so near to God.

In Brigit, then, oh let us trust,
She will protect us all ;
For not in vain shall Erin's hosts
On holy Brigit call.

To praise Christ is a glorious work—
Then louder be our lays,
And special grace be given to all
Who thus St. Brigit praise.

And they who praise God and His Saints
From God and Brigit too,
In Heaven above shall have reward,
And honour as is due.

Two virgins are in heaven above,
Their client I would be ;
Mary and Brigit I invoke,
Protection give to me.

With exaltation see she scorns
The world, and all its joys !
With exaltation see she scorns
Earth's passing shows and toys !

She dreaded earthly pomp and state,
Its riches she despised ;
She dreaded earthly pomp and state,
For God alone she prized.

She looked for everlasting joys,
She sought a great reward ;
She looked for everlasting joys
With Christ, her love and Lord.

She heard the echoing shouts of heaven,
The triumph of the blest !
She heard the echoing shouts of heaven—
Of those with Christ at rest !

Oh ! pray for us ; kind virgin, pray
That we may joy with thee.
Oh ! pray for us ; kind virgin, pray
That Christ we too may see.*

• The repetition of the first line is in the original



ALPHABETICAL HYMN.

CHRISTUS IN NOSTRA INSULA.

There is an alphabetical hymn in honour of St. Brigit, but only a part of this composition remains, unless, indeed, as has been conjectured, the hymn consisted of only three verses. This hymn, or what remains of it, is both quoted and referred to in very ancient manuscripts at present extant in Continental libraries.

CHRIST in our isle was shown to men,
By Brigit's saintly life ;
Excelling all who came before,
She conquered in the strife.]

Like her no other saint was found,
But Jesu's mother blest ;
Her virtues and her wondrous fame
Can never be expressed.

With holy fervour girdled round,
The victor's palm she gains ;
And like the glorious sun above,
In heaven refulgent reigns.

Then listen to this virgin's praise :
To Christ she gave her vow,
Faithful she kept it ; her reward
Is reigning with Him now.

O queen, enthroned in heaven above,
Look on thy children dear ;
And help them to eternal life,
In God's most holy fear.

Christ Jesus, author of all good,
Have mercy upon me ;
That with Thy angels up in heaven,
I may Thy mercy see.



HYMN IN HONOUR OF ST. BRIGIT.

BRIGIDA NOMEN HABET.

RESPLENDENT is great Brigit's name
Like flash of diamond bright !
Resplendent is great Brigit's name,
Shining in heavenly light !

A virgin of the Lord is she—
A virgin crucified ;
A virgin of the Lord is she,
To His Cross closely tied.

FROM THE METRICAL LIFE OF ST. BRIGIT.

“BRIGIT, Saint of highest fame,
For Christ the world despised ;
Like bird on high she sat and sang,
And only virtue prized.

“Her only thought was heaven and God,
Her only thought was pure ;
She sought bright mansions in the skies,
And life for aye secure.

“And in her waking and her sleep,
She pined for Christ, her love ;
And for His Passion grieved alone,
With cry like captive dove.

“O Brigit ! near to Christ my Lord,
Of earthly souls the best,
Pray still for me that I may come
To His eternal rest.” *

* Metrical Lives of the Irish Saints, which run to very great length, may be found in Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturgus*, where the originals of these Hymns may be seen. For full particulars of the Lives of St. Patrick, St. Brigit, and St. Columba, we must refer the reader to our large illustrated Lives of these Saints, published by Mr. Murdock, 41 Castle-Street, Holborn, London ; also, to our new and enlarged illustrated History of the Irish Nation, by the same publisher, which contains a full account, with *fac-similes* of all the early Celtic Manuscripts, both historical and religious.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.*

HOLY Joseph, dearest father,
To thy children's prayer incline,
Whilst we sing thy joys and sorrows,
And the glories which are thine.

How to praise thee, how to thank thee,
Blessed saint, we cannot tell ;
Favours countless thou hast given—
Can we chose but love thee well ?

Spouse of Mary, thou didst guard her :
Shield us, too, from every harm ;
Guard our Mother, guard our sisters,
With thine own paternal arm.

Near to Jesus, near to Mary,
And, kind father, near to thee,
Keep us, while on earth we wander,
And in death our helper be.

* This hymn was written for a community of Poor Clares who had received some very special favours through the intercession of St. Joseph ; but it is hoped that all the verses, except the 3rd and 5th, may be used by others, and even these with a little alteration.

A suitable and very pretty air for it will be found in Mr. Formby's "Catholic Hymns," No. iii. p. 35, No. 29.

Sing we Joseph, Spouse of Mary,
And our Convent's blessed friend ;
Favours countless, mercies constant,
Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed, and thou hast answered ;
We have asked, and thou hast given.
Need we marvel? Jesus tells us,
Joseph has the stores of heaven.

One more favour we will ask thee ;
Thou of all canst grant it best :
When we die, be thou still near us,
Bring us safe to endless rest.



THE PURIFICATION.

HAIL, Mary, Maid and Mother,
Spotless and undefiled !
I see within thine arms
Thou bear'st the sacred Child:

O Rose amid the roses !
O Lily fair and sweet !
In tearful wonder silent
I lie beneath thy feet.

I gaze, and see th' Immortal
Sleeping in holy rest ;
See Him who feeds the ravens
Take nurture from thy breast.

I see thy meek embraces ;
I hear thy dovelike voice,—
The low, half-uttered melody
With which thou dost rejoice.

I see thy queenly bearing—
Conscious, yet half afraid ;
Scarce yet thy wonder over—
How Mother and how Maid !

I see thee in the Temple,
With calm and holy dread,
To make thy lowly offering,
By blessed Joseph led.

I see th' unconscious multitude ;
They deem not Who is there,
Or sure with lowly reverence
They'd bow to Him in prayer.

But aged Simeon knows Him—
His sight is purged by faith;
I hear, I hear his prophecy—
The mystic words he saith.

O Mother, now it acheth
Thy heart, all undefiled !
And nearer and yet nearer
Thou draw'st thy blessed Child.

A sword must pierce thy spirit :
Sweet Mother, thou must weep ;
The Shepherd came to give His life
To save His wandering sheep.

Not e'en thy love may stay Him :
He came, He came for this—
To die a death of agony,
That we might live in bliss.

No tongue may tell the rapture,
No words the depth of woe,—
The mingled joy and bitterness,
Which thy fond heart must know.

O Mary, Maid and Mother !
O Li'l'y fair and sweet !
In tearful wonder silent
I lie beneath thy feet.

O Pearl amidst the pearls !
O Flower amidst the flowers !
O Saint amid the saintly !
Queen of the eternal bowers !

A LENTEN HYMN.

I LAID me down to sleep, and I dreamt
A dream of a wounded Man ;
I was passing Him by, but He gazed on me
As only the dying can.

I know not why, but I could not choose,
I dared not turn away ;
And as I gazed on that wounded Man,
I knelt me down to pray.

And then methought a tender smile
Stole over those lips so pale ;
But it passed for a look of agony
As one who stood by did rail.

A pitiful sight it was to see,
For His brow was all ghastly and torn ;
And furrows were deep on His wounded back,
Where He the lash had borne.

'Twas a pitiful sight, those five great wounds,
And I could not choose but pray ;
Oh, why does the sun not hide his light,
And why looks the world so gay ?

There were wounds in His hands ; they had stretched
them out,
And nailed them to a tree ;
And wounds in His feet, where blood trickled down,
So pitiful to see.

And one deep wound in His blessed side,
So deep it had reached His heart ;
And blood and water had poured out,
When they touched it with the dart.

And one there was who knelt at His feet
As He hung on that cruel tree,
And ever and aye she sobbed forth
A " Jesu dulcissime !"

And she kissed His feet, and cried again,
" Jesu dulcissime !" -
And wiped off the blood with her long bright hair :
'Twas pitiful to see.

There were some who laughed, and some who jeered ;
But it mattered not to me ;
For I joined in that woman's heart-broken cry,
" Jesu dulcissime !"



LONELY AND FORSAKEN.

LONELY and forsaken,
Wandering on the mountains,
Fain would I be taken
To the living fountains,

Where the gushing waters
In soothing music flow,
And my heart could never,
Never more feel woe.

A bark upon the ocean,
When storms are raging high,
Ever in restless motion ;
So, alas ! am I.

Care and trouble cease not ;
Whither shall I flee ?
O Redeemer, Saviour,
I will come to Thee !

Keep me, then, oh, keep me,
While roaming on earth's mountains,
Until Thou dost take me
To the living fountains.

HIGH ABOVE SERAPHIM.

HIGH above seraphim,
Far above cherubim,
On Thy bright starry throne ;
Hear me, oh, hear !
List to my plaintive moan,
Stoop from Thy brilliant zone ;
Hear me, oh, hear !

Great in Thy majesty,
Dimming Thy light,
With its all purity,
E'en angels' sight ;
Tinging with joy the clouds,
Which are Thy throne-shrouds,
Almost too bright.
Yet list to my plaintive moan,
Stoop from Thy starry zone ;
Hear me, oh, hear !

List to my plaintive lay ;
Hear me, O God, I pray :
I am all lonely ;
Thou, and Thou only,
Canst help my soul :
Mighty Thy power ;
Aid me this hour ;
Dark waters o'er me roll !

Oh, by Thine agony !
Oh, by Thy tears !
All cruel mockings !
All Thy deep fears !
Stoop from Thy starry zone,
List to my feeble moan ;
Hear me, oh, hear !

To Thee I commit
My soul and its keeping :
Watch over it,
Be I waking or sleeping ;
Until in Thy love
Thou dost bring it above,
Where never more 'twill be weary or weeping.

High above seraphim,
Far above cherubim,
Thee on Thy glorious throne
There I shall see ;
And 'mid the angel zone,
Who sing to Thee alone.
Then I shall be.



THE NEW YEAR.

Look up, look up, my heart, to-day,
Take courage and be strong ;
The new year cometh up to thee,
So greet it with a song.

The old year lieth dead and cold
Beneath its shroud of snow ;
Its troubles and perplexities
Thou never more shalt know.

Look up, there are new crowns to win,
New battles to be fought ;
Perchance before the new year goes
Thy freedom will be bought.

Oh, let the past be past, except
To weep its stains away ;
Nor let the future dazzle thee,
Promise whate'er it may.

The present only is thine own,
Look up, be brave and strong ;
And if thy life be all for God,
The way will not seem long.

Pine thou for strife, for pain, for grief,
As soldiers pine for fight ;
For there are crowns awaiting thee
In lands of cloudless light.

NAZARETH.

THE winter sun is setting fast
Behind the crimsoned hill,
But our daily work, our daily task,
Lies there unfinished still.

And we are weary with our toil,
Our life of constant care ;
And our burden often seems to us
Far more than we can bear.

At early morn, long ere the sun
Had risen in the east,
Our labour and our toil began,
And still it has not ceased.

And thus we work on day by day,
And this must always be ;
For we are poor, or else have chosen
To live in poverty.

'Tis true ; but we will turn our thoughts
To Nazareth's dear town,
Stay there awhile, and then our hearts
Will be no more cast down.

See Who is working with His hands
From early dawn till night ;
And then He asks not needed rest,
But prays till morning light.

And thirty years have come and gone,
Yet will He not complain ;
For the burning love within His heart,
Beguiles His bitter pain.

Ah, come, unite our toil with His,
Be it whate'er it may ;
Rich stores of merit we will gain,
Nor weary be our day.

Nay, the more toil, the better far,
The richer the reward ;
For thus we shall become still more
Like our beloved Lord.



THE LAND OF LIGHT.

To the land of crystal light,
To the land of beauty bright,
To the land where pilgrims rest,
Where earth's troubled ones are blest,—

I 'm away,

I dare not stay.

Home, home to my fatherland !
Where stand the joyous band,

I 'm away,

I dare not stay.

There 's music in the quivering
Of every angel's wing ;

There 's gladness in its golden light,
And joy on every thing ;

For chills of winter never blight,

And every hour brings new delight.

Then home, home to my fatherland !

Where stand the joyous band,

I 'm away,

I dare not stay.

To the land of crystal light I 'm bound ;

A palace shineth there

Which mortal eye hath ne'er discerned,

Nor dreamt of ought so fair.

'Tis not that diamond and pearl

Upon its walls are found ;

But the Lamb, He ever walketh there,

And sheds His light around

And the blessed, they walk after Him,
They follow where He goes ;
And ever as they pass along,
The voice of music flows.

I see it now, that land of light ;
I see it now in glimpses bright.
I'm away,
I dare not stay ;
Home to my fatherland !



THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT.

THEY also serve who wait,
And there are those lingering without the gate.
Called Beautiful,
Children who shall be fed ;
For God, who knoweth how to give His people bread,
Hath store for all.

Poor-heart ones are there,
Who fear to enter in :
Some burdened with dark care ;
Some weeping for their sin ;
Some souls who would, but may not ; by love chained
To couch of woe, with body pained.

Oh, tremble not, dear heart : ask for an alms ;
It will not be denied ;
Full oft He loves those most who wit it not,
Souls sorely tried.

Will mother's love neglect the child who cannot play,
Pain-stricken sad,
Because it joins not with the noisy ones
Who riot glad ?

Ah, no, its very grief relights her love ;
The sickly one will be the warmest nestled dove.
And those who cannot enter in
The gate called Beautiful
Shall be the choicest fed.

God visiteth such souls, and maketh all their bed ;
Whispers sweet love, bidding them wait,
And they shall enter in another gate ;
 A gate of pearl so bright,
 A land of never-changing light ;
Where the Good Shepherd, by His pastures sweet,
Shall lead them ; bathe their weary feet
In cooling streams ; comfort each heart :
Oh, blessed they who have within that gate their part !



THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

THERE is a book of God's own keeping,
And things are in it writ
Of which we little wit
Who here are weeping:
Things strange,
That pass the range
Of this our mortal vision.

There was a widow lone and desolate ;
Her prayer was heard,
And, ere 'twas answered, written there,
E'en every word.

There was a gush of joy, a look of love,
From a young saint, and that
Was registered above.
A prodigal's deep sigh,
A mourner's heart-wrung cry,
Tears from a bruised reed,
And many an anguish borne from bitter need,
The first prayer of a young child,
The torn heart-strings of a maiden mild,
Widows' mites, mingled with orphans' prayers,
Self-sacrifices, patient-borne cares,
And rapturous words, and utterings so faint—
Were there ; the jubilations of a dying saint,
Triumphs of truth,
Struggles 'gainst unbelief,

Wrongs of the oppressed unheeded here
Marked for relief,
And many a silent thing,
Borne up to heaven by angel swift of wing,
Thoughts, looks, unuttered feelings there
Were catalogued, and marked as prayer.



THE ROSARY FOR SINGING.

IN the midnight calm and holy,
 Came an angel from the sky,
 Singing to that Maiden lowly,
 While the Dove was hovering nigh.

"Ave," sang that angel glorious ;
 "Ave, Maiden," so sing we :
 Hear us Lady, hear us Mother,
 'Tis thy children call on thee.

O'er Judea's mountain hasting,
 To her cousin's home she speeds ;
 Whilst in thoughts prophetic musing,
 She her soul in rapture feeds.

Scarce is heard her voice so lowly,
 Ere the babe is sanctified—
 Sanctified, the great Precursor,
 Ere his God for him hath died.

Sing we, then, the wond'rous story
 Of Messiah's glorious birth,
 Sung by prophet old and hoary :
 Joy is come indeed to earth.

Ave, Mother, plead for sinners,
 Speak for us one little prayer ;
 Ask for us one little blessing
 From that Babe so dear and fair.

Now, within the Temple glorious,
Stands the Mother with her Son ;
And she hears what woes must crush her,
Ere her earthly race is run.

Plead for us, O gentle Lady,
By the anguish of that hour ;
Plead for us by all your dolours ;
May we never grieve you more.

Ave, Mother, thou art seeking,
Seeking for thy Blessed Child,
Thou art weeping, thou art praying,
Gentle Lady, Mother mild.

Thou hast found Him, sweetest Mother,
Thou wilt never lose Him more ;
Plead that we e'en too may find Him,
Love Him better than before.



THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Ave, Mother, thou art weeping ;
Now thy tears are tears of blood ;
Thou hast seen the soul's deep anguish
Of thy Child, and of thy God.

Ave, Mother, He is prostrate,
Crushed beneath His creatures' guilt ;
Ave, Mother, breathe one whisper,
'Twas for us His Blood was spilt.

Now the soldiers rude and cruel
Tear that blessed flesh so pale ;
Mother, thou dost weep and shudder ;
Mother, sure thy heart will fail.

Deep the gashes, deep the anguish,
Of thy Blessed, Blessed Son ;
Ave, we must sink with sorrow—
We the cruel deed have done.

See the Cross upon His shoulder,
By the cruel scourge all torn ;
Ave, Mother, oh what torture
Thy beloved for us hath borne.

Lo, He falls beneath His burden,
Crushed and bleeding now he lies ;
Ave, Mother, get us sorrow,
Get us tears and heart-wrung sighs.

Now the last dread deed is doing,
Paler grows the trembling sun ;
Now they pierce the Side all bleeding
Of that silent patient One.

Mother, Mother, we are weeping,
But our tears will not undo
All that cruel bitter sorrow ;
Mother, you must suffer too.



THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

Ave, Mother, Mother joyous,
 Glorious is the Easter Day ;
 Jesus, like the sun in splendour,
 From the tomb now bursts away.

Thou dost see Him, thou dost greet Him,
 Sure thy heart must break with bliss ;
 Thou hast given, thou hast taken,
 Mother, his first nuptial kiss.

Thou must loose Him, Ave, Mother ;
 To His Father's throne he goes :
 There to plead His wounds and merits
 For thy children's sins and woes.

Ave, Mother, now thy spirit
 Pines and pants and longs to be
 With thy own beloved Jesus ;
 Mother, get such love for me.

Ave, Mother, maiden-queen like,
 Thou presidest over all ;
 While the chosen ones of Jesus
 Low before the dove now fall.

Ave, Mother, time is hasting,
 Angels weary for their Queen ;
 Thou in rapture now beholdest
 Glories we have never seen.

Now thy soul doth pine and quiver,
Fainting with celestial bliss ;
Once again thy Saviour greets thee,
Give once more the nuptial kiss.

Loved to heaven, wooed to glory,
Mother was it life or death,
That long trance of mystic silence
In which ceased thy earthly breath?

Crowned now our Queen, our Mother,
Seated by her Son's right hand,
Sing we our own dearest Lady,
Brightest of the heavenly band.

Ave, Ave, Mother dearest,
Listen to our lowly cry ;
Bless us, guard us, keep us, Mother,
While we live, and when we die.



FOR ASCENSION DAY.

UNFOLD ! unfold !
Scatter the fleecy clouds,
And touch them o'er with gold ;
Open your gates of blue,
The Christ, He cometh through—
Unfold ! unfold !

See with what glad amaze
The angels throng to gaze
Upon their Lord's humanity Divine ;
Afresh they tune the wires
Of their melodious lyres,
And pour forth all their praise like sparkling wine.

And all on Heaven's floor,
From where the golden door
Opens to let him in, the Conqueror blest,
With many tinted flowers,
Cull'd from their joy-lit bowers,
With smiling wreaths His pathway they had dress'd.

Oh, who may say what thrill
That angel's heart did fill
Who met the first calm gaze of his ascending Lord !
Or tell with what glad fear
They stoop from yonder sphere
In golden groups to meet the Incarnate Word !

Who dare approach the shrine
Where dwelleth God Divine,
Or deem His joy at sight of His dear Son ?
Who now doth enter in,
Conqueror of death and sin,
The battle fought, the crown of victory won.

For us, for us He died ;
For us the purple tide,
At touch of ruthless spear, flowed from His broken
heart.
Will He not rest e'en now,
When crowns are on His brow ?
Will He still do for us of love the part ?

He is not gone to rest
(Are not we over bless'd ?)—
He standeth still His broken heart for us to plead.
What can outshine His love,
Now He is gone above,
Ever to pray the Father in our stead ?

Unfold ! unfold !
For mercy's doors must still be open wide ;
The Church's widowed hour
Must have a golden dower,—
The Paraclete comes down in fiery tide ;
With us, Blest Spirit, stay,
Our Love is far away ;
Strengthen, console, and heal us by Thy power.



A HYMN OF LOVE.

I BURN, I burn, and my heart pineth
For love of Thee, my only Lord ;
Oh, lead me where the bright light shineth,
The light of the Incarnate Word,

I burn, I burn, my heart it acheth,
In its deep longings, for Thy love ;
Oh, most sweet Jesus, take it, take it,
And keep it till I come above.

I burn, I burn, my heart it quivers,
Oh, press it, press it to Thine own ;
Thy voice I hear, my spirit thrilling,
Oh, may it thrill for Thee alone.

I burn, I burn, my heart it weareth,
In weary longings, for Thy breast ;
Oh, most sweet Jesus, draw nearer,
And in Thy heart, oh, let it rest,

There I shall burn, deep and yet deeper,
And pant and pine, but not in vain ;
There I may love, and love for ever,
Without a sin to give Thee pain.

“Not to love as now, or to suffer as now; but to love more, and to suffer more.”

Not on Thabor, dearest Lord,—

Not on Thabor give

Me my portion or my place,

For I would suffering live:

Would suffering live, would suffering die,

Would suffer o'er and o'er

Ten thousand times each martyr's pains,

If I could love Thee more.

My Lord, were nothing to be gain'd

But likeness unto Thee,

The Cross and suffering, still I'd choose,—

Pain should my portion be.

I'd pine for anguish, ask for grief,

And pray for constant pain;

For spouses should be like their Lord,

With whom they hope to reign.

And I could chide Thee, dearest Lord,

Could chide Thee, and would say,

My Lord, Thou surely lov'st me not,

Nor answerest when I pray;

Or rather, Jesus, I must fear

'Tis too much grace for me

To suffer as Thy saints have done,

And thus be like to Thee.

I am not worthy, Lord, to drink
The chalice of Thy woe ;
But oh, refuse not to Thy spouse
The drops which from it flow.

And if I am not worthy, Lord,
To suffer as I would,
Still give me all the pain Thou canst,
For love of Thy dear Blood.

To suffer, Lord, but not as now,
To suffer always more,
To love each day more ardently,
More deeply than before,

Is all I wish, is all I ask,
Is all the prayer I'd say,
Until Thou takest me to dwell
Where I shall love alway.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O PRECIOUS Blood ! O Precious Blood !
How shall I sing of thee ?
How tell of all thy purple streams
Once shed for guilty me ?

Once shed, and yet it ever flows ;
For it doth never cease
To bring us mercy, send us love,
And fill our souls with peace.

O Precious Blood ! O Precious Blood !
I cannot choose but sing,
And speak of thee, and love thee still,
The mantle of my King.

In early morn thou stealest soft,
Ere sleep hath left mine eyes,
To get for me the grace I need
For Matin sacrifice.

I offer, then, those purple streams,
Offer them o'er and o'er,
And all day long they are my joy,
My merits' richest store.

And if I work, or if I teach,
Or if I read, or pray,
Still, still that Blood I offer up,
All through the busy day.

I worship it at holy Mass,
And then I taste the Bread—
Christ's Body, and His Precious Blood,
Which He for us hath shed.

The pleasant drops of holy dew
Which wipe our stains away,
The benedictions and the grace
Which flow on us all day,

Still come from those same precious streams.
Well may we love the Blood,
And sing and praise the purple tide
Which flowed upon the Rood.



THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

I HEARD the sound of many waters rushing,
And harpers harping on their harps I heard,
And melody beyond all utterance gushing,
Until to tears my very soul was stirred.

Voices on voices, trumpet-tongued and glorious,
Proclaimed on high the praises of their God,
And sang the song of the victorious,
As on the sea of molten fire they stood.

Grand were the voices of the aged and hoary,
And sweet the silver accents of the young ;
But still they had the same most wondrous story,
The praise of their Redemption still they sung.

They sang of Blood, and of the Lamb once bleeding,
Who even now as slain before them lies,
As though their love He would be ever feeding
With sight of His most Blessed Sacrifice.

Their Alleluias rolled like roar of ocean,
Surging up anthems on the eternal shore ;
Never shall cease its glorious, restless motion,
For praise shall be their life for evermore.

Kindreds and tongues and nations, more than countless,
Are swelling in each day new notes of praise ;
May we, amid their shouts of triumph endless,
Our little note of glad thanksgiving raise.

THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

By the sign of the Cross I shall conquer,
By the sign of the Cross I shall win ;
For the sign of the Cross is my armour—
My power against demon and sin.

Far back in the ages uncounted,
When the world in its freshness began,
By a tree came the evil and tempter,
And all grief and sorrow to man.

Take and eat, was the cry of the demon ;
Has God indeed said you shall die ?
What matter ! taste now of life's pleasure,
Please the taste, and the tongue, and the eye.

And Eve heard the voice of the demon—
Took the first step in ruin's dark road—
And she trusted the word of the tempter,
And doubted the word of her God.

But over high Heaven came a horror,
And the hymns of the angels were stilled,
For the first human soul with the blackness
And terror of sin had been filled.

Swift the passage from light into darkness,
And the fall was as swift as the deed ;
But one little morsel was eaten,
And death everlasting the meed.

Oh, God, that for pleasure so doubtful
A world should be ruined and lost ;
Oh, God, that in this fatal moment
So little was thought of the cost.

Oh, God, that for ages unnumbered
Men shall suffer in torments untold,
Because for a moment of pleasure
A life everlasting was sold.

Oh, brothers, the tempter still haunts us,
Still bids us choose pleasure and sin,
Still asks us to "taste" to our ruin,
Still tries by the palate to win.

Alas ! that such evils uncounted
Should come to our nation and race,
Oh, grief, that the saints of old Erin
Should look on their people's disgrace.

Oh, brothers, we need all our courage—
Life is short, let our purpose be strong ;
The way of the Cross may be weary,
But the crown of the Cross comes ere long.

By the sign of the Cross I shall conquer,
By the sign of the Cross I shall win ;
For the Cross is the source of our triumph
As the tree was the cause of our sin.

Far back in the ages uncounted,
Ere the fall was yet one hour old,
The infinite mercies of Heaven
By the tree of temptation were told.

A woman by sin had brought ruin,
But a woman the saviour should be,
At the foot of the Cross shall we triumph
O'er the evil which came by the tree.

Let us stand thus, like Mary, here steadfast,
And, true to our league of the Cross,
Let us purchase the endless possession
Of joy, and despise earthly loss.

Let us stand to our Banner for ever,
Let our lives preach the truth we proclaim ;
Far better the honours of Heaven,
Than all earthly pleasure or fame.

Let us reach out a hand to the fallen,
Let us strengthen the hearts of the weak,
Let us bear up the crosses of others
By our deeds or the words we may speak.

And if here we suffer a little,
What matter if Heaven we gain ;
No crosses are there to distress us,
No sorrow, no parting, no pain.

By the sign of the Cross shall you conquer,
In the league of the Cross we are blest,
Till we come to the land of the Angels,
To the home and the place of our rest.



HYMN FOR ADVENT.

O UNCREATE,
From Thy glorious state
How low didst thou stoop for me !
From Thy high throne,
Where thou satest alone,
Thou camest my soul to free.

Darkness and clouds
Were the mystic shrouds
Which veiled from the Seraphim's purer sight
One ray of that blaze,
One moment's gaze,
Which even for them were all too bright.

Or ever the earth
Had its wondrous birth,
Or ever mountains were sunk in the deep ;
Or yet the proud sea
From its bed did flee,
Or the ocean world awoke from sleep ;

Or the morning star,
Or day-spring from afar,
Burst over the valleys and hills of earth ;
Or snow and hail,
Whose treasures ne'er fail,
Were reserved to mock the scoffer's mirth ;

Or the lightning of thunder,
Or meek dew-drop under,
Or treasures of water refreshed the young world,—
Thou wert in the state
Of thy Majesty great,
And arrows of wrath on Heaven's rebels hurled.

Hush ! angels are listening,
The cloud-curtains are glistening
That encompass the throne of the Ancient of Days ;
He hath veiled the shrine
Of His Being Divine,
In humanity's form He hath shrouded His rays.

And earth hath received Him,
Tormented and grieved Him,
Mocked, crucified, scourged her Creator, her God ;
And sin's fearful tainting
Hath left His soul fainting,
And blood-drops are quivering on Olivet's sod.

But again He hath mounted
Where glories uncouth
Encompass Him round on the throne of His state ;
But He shall return
While all hearts shall burn,
Men hearing the doom of their endless fate.

Then shall tremble the mountains,
And o'erflow the fountains,
And deep roar to deep its wild anthem of fear,
At the glittering light
Of Thine arrows all bright,
And the marvellous sheen of thy conquering spear.

Then on high shall be furl'd
Thy standard, and hurl'd
To the depths of despair all the foes of our King ;
And Thou shalt invite
All Thy saints, and unite
For ever the blessed Thy praises to sing.



THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

THE snow lies thick on the convent-roof
And the midnight moon looks cold ;
But the stars shine out with a joyous light,
As they shone on that night of old.

And the angels come and the angels go,
Shooting past the tall church-spire,
While the troops who throng to the midnight Mass
Still think they are stars of fire.

The nuns have watched with their voiceless prayer,
Since the bells rang the vesper chime ;
They may not sleep, and they will not rest,
At this blessed Christmas time

And the bells ring out so sweet and low,
The bells of the midnight Mass,
And the pleasant angels stop and smile
At their music as they pass.

It is the blessed Christ His Mass,
For the blessed Christ is born
Anew in the hearts of His faithful ones
On every Christmas morn.

So the faithful watch and the faithful pray,
Till the midnight hour is rung,
And then, with *Kyrie* and *Gloria*,
The Christ His Mass is sung.

And then all down the cloister dim
They go, the Christ to see,
As He lieth, a Babe in His Mother's arms,
And smileth so tenderly.

We did not hear the angels sing,
But we *felt* that they were there ;
For gushings strange, such as music brings,
Came over us at prayer.

We had a hundred things to say,
And a hundred loves to give ;
Fain would we never go away,
But with that sweet Christ live.

That little crib is so dear to see,
The little Christ so bright,
We wish that the morn would never come
That ends our Christmas night.



A PLEA FROM THE SUFFERING SOULS.

HAD you but seen, as we have seen,
The wounds of Jesus crucified ;
Had you but heard, as we have heard,
The heart-pulse of His open side ;

Could you but know with what a love
He burns to have His children home,—
Your hearts would break with tearful grief
That you on earth must longer roam.

But we have passed from all its cares,
Are anchored safely from its fears ;
And yet we burn in purging flames,
Where minutes seem like long, long years.

Oh, help, oh, pity us ! and we
Will pay you back a thousand-fold,
And speed your entrance to the land
Whose streets are paved with living gold.

Oh, help, oh, pity us ! our hearts
Are burning fiercer than the fires
Which round us play in livid flames,
To purge us from all earth's desires.

Oh, help, oh, pity us ! one prayer,
One little alms, for Jesus given,
Will help to pay our unpaid debts,—
May open us the gates of Heaven.

And when we enter in our home,
And our first burst of praise is o'er,
We will remember you, and then
Will pray for you for evermore.



"THERE IS A LAND WHERE SADNESS NEVER."

THERE is a land where sadness never
Tainteth the breeze ;
There is a land where gladness ever
Floweth o'er glassy seas.

There is a place where no distressing
Wearies the breast ;
Where everything is filled with blessing
And perfect rest.

There is a country where the soul
Feeleth no wearing ;
Where trouble's billows never roll,
The sad soul scaring.

There is a bliss beyond our thinking,
Where we shall dwell ;
And waters sweet we shall be drinking,
So sweet as none can tell.

A land that passeth poet's painting
To tell of its delight ;
My soul for this glad home is fainting,
This place so bright !

This land where anxious care and fearing
Shall cease to be ;
Whither my soul is softly steering,
Whither I fain would flee.

A land where morning's balmy brightness
Doth never cease ;
Where flowers in endless bloom and lightness
Breathe still of peace ;

Where tempest-billows ne'er are beating
On wearied head ;
For earthly change and earthly cheating
For aye are fled ;

And soothing music hath her dwelling
On everything ;
For holy harps sweet chords are telling,
While angels sing.



A HYMN OF DIVINE LOVE.

Translated from the Italian. It was written by St. Francis of Assisi, and is considered one of the most beautiful aspirations of love ever penned. A part only is translated here.

“Amor di caritate,
Perchè m' ha sì ferito?”

OH, Love of love, why woundest Thou
The trembling soul that clings to Thee?
My heart, within my bosom torn,
Quivers and pants at rest to be.

It cannot rest, it cannot fly,
So strange the mystery of love's lance;
It melts like wax in ardent fire,
And pines away in mystic trance.

It dying lives, and living dies,
With longing for its only Love;
Oh, come, sweet Lover, Jesus, come,
Take to Thyself Thy wounded dove.

I asked Thee, Heart of burning love,
To give me of Thy heavenly fire,
Thinking my soul would bathe in bliss,
And languish with most sweet desire.

But Thou, instead of rapture sweet,
Didst wound me with Thy cruel dart,
And burn me with unearthly flames
Till flesh and soul are like to part—

Till I no more can think, or feel,
Or breathe, or look, or sigh, or speak ;
Bound in this trance of awful love,
My heart with longing, Lord, must break !

My heart, I said, O sweetest Love !
My heart, it is no longer mine ;
I know not what it thinks or feels,
So wholly is it rapt in Thine.

No earthly beauty now can charm,
No melody can soothe mine ear,
Since in my inmost heart of hearts
The music of Thy voice I hear.

A little plant of heavenly love,
Laden with most celestial fruit,
Is now the food on which I live ;
It hath within my heart its root.

And I have given all for all ;
And had I worlds on worlds to give,
Without a thought I'd fling them hence
To gain the love by which I live.

And I have ceased to think and feel,
To know and speak like other men,
And all my cry is, " Sweetest Lord,
When shall I love Thee, Jesus, when ?"

I do not love, 'tis all my grief ;
My heart is breaking with desire ;
Oh, come, my blessed Jesus, come,
Light in my soul this heavenly fire !

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

MICHAEL, glorious Prince of Angels,
Noblest of the angelic ranks,
Lowly singing in thine honour,
Bring we now our meed of thanks.

Mighty conqueror, bright and glorious,
Next to Mary thou dost reign,
Come and bless us with thy presence,
Bring with thee thy angelic train.

Gabriel, silver-tongued and glorious ;
Raphael, healer of our woes ;
Blessed Angels, guardians gentle,—
Be our friends, repel our foes.

Breathe into our hearts your sweetness,
Flood our souls with love divine ;
May your glorious presence ever
Round your charge protecting shine !

We will honour, we will love you,
Blessed spirits, ever more,—
Our devotion still increasing,
As your favours on us pour,—

Till with you for ever singing,
Singing in unending strain,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Where the blessed ever reign.

THE ANGEL-GUARDIAN.

My blessed Angel, gentle friend,
How can I ever know
One half of all the tender love
You daily towards me show?

Oh, never weary of your charge !
Oh, never leave my side !
But help and comfort me each hour,
Whatever may betide.

When I am weary, whisper words
Of heaven and endless rest ;
When I am tempted, cheer my soul
With visions of the blest.

Offer for me the Precious Blood,
Dear Angel, when I pray,
And when at night I rest in sleep,
Oh, near my pillow stay !

Oh, never leave me, lest I fall
Beneath the tempter's power,
And get for me such grace that I
May love more every hour !



The following is translated very freely from the Italian.

THE WILL OF GOD.

“Mio Dio che vuoi.”

My Lord, my Love, what wilt Thou ?
Thy blessed will is mine,
In life or death, whate'er Thou wilt,
My heart will not repine.

Wilt Thou that in the land of love
Thy glories I should see,
And ever sing with tuneful harp
The mercies shown to me ?

My will is Thine—a worm of earth
To dwell with saints of light ;
My spirit trembles at the thought
Of that most glorious sight.

Or wilt Thou that to lowest hell
My guilty soul should go ?
I could not choose but love Thee still,
And all Thy praises show.

And hell no hell to me would be,
For thoughts of Thee even there
Would charm away the agony,
The blackness of despair.

Wilt Thou that I should live, my Lord ?
To live, then, is my will ;
And every nerve, and every pulse
Of life shall praise Thee still.

Or wilt Thou that I die, my God ?
My will is still the same ;
In life or death, in grief or joy,
I 'll praise Thy glorious name.

Wilt Thou that every breath I take
Should come and go with pain ?
To follow in Thy footsteps, Lord,
My heart is ever fain.

Or wilt Thou that with stronger frame
Vigil and fast I bear ?
I 'll thank Thee still 'mid ceaseless toil
For every hour of care.

Wilt Thou that I should pine in want,
Or have rich golden store ?
It matters not, Lord, what Thou wilt,
Give little or give more.

Or wilt Thou that with eager love
I hang upon Thy breast,
Drinking from thence salvation's balm,
My rapture and my rest ?

I have no will, O Lord, no will,
'Twas wholly merged in Thine
When in the time of love Thou cam'st—
Thou cam'st, and ravished mine.

Or wilt Thou, bitterest cup of all,
Withdraw that sense of love,
That depth of melting tenderness
Which draws my heart above ?

Wilt Thou no longer call me "Thine,"
"Thine own one, and Thine only,"
And leave my heart all desolate,
Forlorn, and cold, and lonely?

I have no will, my Lord, no will,
'Tis nailèd to the Tree,
With those three nails so pitiful
With which they nailèd Thee.

I have no will, my Lord, no will,
'Tis bliss no tongue can tell
To rest in Thine and ever feel
Thou doest all things well.



HYMN TO ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

HIGH amid the choirs of light,
Where the golden seraph's blaze
Dazzles even the Angels' sight
With the brilliance of its rays,

Seated on a throne of bliss,
Drinking love from Love's own fountain,
Dwells the Saint in rapture glad,
Thronèd on the golden mountain.

Now no more shall pain or tears
Crush his heart, or bow his spirit ;
Now no more shall earthly fears
Cloud the joys he doth inherit .

Saintly Father, we before thee
Wait, with weeping, for thy prayers ;
Saintly Father, oh, remember
Those who struggle 'mid earth's cares .

Thou hast fought, and thou hast conquered ;
But for us the strife remains ;
Speed, then, gentle Saint, to help us,
Lest we sink beneath our pains.

By thy thirst so deep, so burning,
For the wounds of Christ thy Love,
On our needs one kind glance turning,
Help us till we come above.

By thy heart, so kind and gentle,
By thy tender, thoughtful ways,
By thy most unearthly raptures,
By thy ecstasies of praise,

By thy weary, ceaseless vigils,
By thy constant care and strife,
Whilst thy body here subduing,—
Lead us to the Land of Life.

By our dear and gentle Mother,
By her Heart, so bent on thine,—
Holy Father, hear our pleading,
To thy children's prayer incline.

We are pining, we are striving,
But for thee the strife is o'er ;
Help us, then, most blessed Father,
Bring us to the golden shore.

There with thee for ever praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son ;
We will sing, our joys unending,
While the ceaseless ages run.



THE CHILD-NOVICE.

LITTLE maiden, little maiden,
There are smiles upon your cheek ;
But a graver look will banish them,
Or ever you can speak.

Little maiden, little maiden,
You look up into the sky,
And then look down so drearily,
And smile away a sigh.

Little maiden, little maiden,
You were wont full blithe to be ;
Little maiden, little maiden,
What hath so changed thee ?

She looked up into the Heavens,
That little maid so fair ;
And a smile was in her dark blue eye,
And on her lip a prayer.

And the little maid she answered,
With voice most sweet to hear,
"The little Christ, He calleth me
To be His bride so dear.

The little Christ He speaketh low,
His voice is passing sweet ;
'Tis sweeter than my mother's
When she her child doth greet.

And the little Christ stretched out His hands,
Wounded for love of me,
And He said, ' My little maiden,
Wilt thou come my bride to be ?'

The little Christ, He smiled a smile,
So wonderful to see !
When I said I loved Him more than all,
And I His bride would be.

And my heart is breaking, breaking fast,
For that little Christ so kind ;
His smile, His look, His gentle word,
Comes ever to my mind.

I care not now for birds, or flowers,
Or brother's merry play ;
For my heart and love no more are here,
And I would be away.

They say there is a quiet home,
Where the Christ's dear spouses dwell,
And spend their days in prayer and thought
Of Him they love so well.

And I would to that cloister go,
Where dwell those spouses dear ;
And so I pine thus wearily
That I must linger here."

The little maiden's mother heard,
And, though her fond heart bled,
She cried, "Then go, my little one,
And do as thou hast said.

Yes, go and be thy dear Christ's bride,
And dwell with Him alway ;
But where thou goest, precious one,
Oh, for thy mother pray."



THE MEETING OF ST. FRANCIS AND ST.
DOMINIC.

The Saints were together in Rome, but unknown to each other. One night St. Dominick beheld our Lady in a vision presenting two men to her Divine Son to appease His wrath against sinners. One of these was himself, the other he had never seen. The following day he entered a church, and there beheld a poor man, meanly clad. Running to him, he embraced him again and again, and exclaimed, "You are my brother : we will go together, and none can prevail against us ; we will divide the world and conquer it for Christ." And so in truth they did ; one flooding it with light and the other with love.

"AND thou shalt go with me," he said,
"And be my friend and brother ;"
And then the Saints, in converse long,
Spoke softly to each other.

"In the deep silence of the night,
Whilst all around me slept,
I saw thee in a vision bright,
As I my vigil kept.

"We stood before our Lady's throne,
And she for sinners prayed,
And offered us to her dear Son
That His wrath might be stayed.

"She said that we would fight for Him ;
And, brother, so we will !
Divide the world, and let us go
To work for Jesus still."

Thus light met love ; and as they spoke
 Out flashed a burning fire,
 And kindled in the hearts of men
 Seraphical desire.

And since that time the glorious flame
 Has kindled more and more ;
 Francis and Dominic have sent
 Their sons to every shore.

And one by love, and one by light,
 They shone on earth, and now,
 With seraphim and cherubim,
 Before God's throne they bow.

O blessed Fathers, pray for us,
 Your children we would be,
 And get us light, and get us love,
 Until God's face we see.



THE BENEDICTION OF ST. CLARE.

St. Clare left her benediction in a most solemn manner to all her children, blessing, in the peculiar tenderness of her gentle loving heart, not only those who lived when she did, but each individual who should belong to her Order until the end of time. In consequence of this, every night, after Matins, the Poor Clares prostrate to receive the blessing of their Abbess.

EVENING shades are closing round us,
And the weary day is past,
Now the night its mantle o'er us
Throws, and we may rest at last.

Rest, and yet *our* rest is watching,
Waiting for the Bridegroom's call ;
While the busy world is keeping
Revel, we in prayer must fall.

Down before the throne eternal,
There with burning tears we cry,
Mercy, Jesus, mercy, Saviour,
Prostrate at Thy feet we lie.

Holy angels now are listening,
Poised there on golden wing ;
Hush ! they catch our every accent,
Hear us pray, and hear us sing.

Bow we, then, before th' Eternal,
Open wide is mercy's door,
And the angels still are passing
To and from the golden shore.

We have prayed, and we have chanted,
Nature wearied claims its rest ;
Ere we go a Mother's blessing
Comes to soothe each wearied breast.

Looking through the long, long ages,
Soft and low her accents thrill ;
Hush ! the white-winged angels listen :
Clare will bless her children still.

For that dear and gentle Mother,
Ere she passed from earth to Heaven,
Hath a blessing, kind and tender,
To her loving children given.

Never sure was one so thoughtful,
Never one so full of love !
She will bless and guard her children,
Even from her home above.

Kneel we, then, in prostrate silence,
Bowing lowly at the sound ;
Low and gentle are the accents,
Richest blessings fall around.

Thus with joyous hearts made stronger,
Beating gladder for that prayer,
Kneel we while our gentle Mother
Gives the blessing of Saint Clare.

Then from out the star-lit heavens,
With her gaze so calm and clear,
Blessing her who gives the blessing,
Looketh out that Lady dear.

Gentle Clare, in joy or sorrow,
Be thou still our hope and guide,
Bring us safe where thou art seated,
Ever with thee to abide.



FEAST OF THE PORTIUNCULA, OR OUR LADY
OF ANGELS.

QUEEN of Angels, thou art glorious,
Glorious as a bannered host ;
Thou hast crushed our foe for ever,
He no more in pride can boast.

Lady of our hearts, we 'll call thee,
For our very own thou art ;
Mother, fold us in thy mantle,
Rather shield us in thy Heart.

'Tis thy feast, O Queen of Angels ;
We salute thee, Lady dear ;
Show thy power, show thy mercy,
To each soul now kneeling here.

Plead for us, O spotless Mother,
Plead for us with thy dear Son,
That the boon He gave our Father*
May be given us every one.

With our songs we then shall praise,
But our words are weak and cold ;
Look into our hearts, sweet Mother,
There our love is better told.

* St. Francis of Assisi, who obtained this Indulgence.

THE NUN'S PRAYER TO MARY.

THOU art our Mother, beautiful and dear,
Beneath thy spreading mantle we have nestled in,
As, one by one, our Jesus drew us here,
To be love's victims, and love's joys to win.

Thou art our Mother, Lady; as we bend
In salutation* of thy dear and gentle Name,
All over us such thoughts of sweetness steal,
We know, we feel thy love has lit the flame.

And in our wanderings and change of place,
Thou wert our Mother still, sheltering us o'er,
And ever at thy shrine we found the grace
Which from thy Heart Immaculate doth pour.

We cannot choose but love thee, Lady, Queen !
The Dove, the Undeiled of our dearest Lord ;
The spotless nest where never taint was seen,
The holy home of the Incarnate Word.

We have no speech to tell our love, O Queen ;
In silent rapture at thy feet we lie ;
Get us this grace—thou canst not ask in vain ;
Get us to love until of love we die.

* The Salutation of the Holy Name of Mary, a very beautiful Dominican devotion.

To long, and long for Him who is our Love,
To pine till love and grace wears earth and flesh
away—

When will the morning come, the shadows flee?
When shall we see Him in Eternal Day?

Mother of sorrows, and of joys the best,
Oh, get for us the spirit of true fear and love,
And keep us underneath thy mantle blest,
Till thou hast brought us to Christ's joys above.



OÛR LADY'S FRIAR.

It is recorded in the annals of the Franciscan Order, that when Duns Scotus was about to make his famous defence of the Immaculate Conception before the University of Paris, he bowed as he passed a statue of our Blessed Lady, and said, "Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata : da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos." Our Lady graciously inclined her head to her devoted client, who went on his way full of joy. His triumph in argument was as glorious as might be expected.

THE Friar passed our Lady's shrine,
And lowly bowed his head ;
"Dignare me laudare te,"
These were the words he said :

"Against thy foes, oh, give me force,
Dear Lady, in this hour ;
For I would speak of all thy praise,
Thy Majesty and power."

Her head she bent, her smile she gave,
That Lady all so fair !
And on her noble champion went,
Her glories to declare.

He told her fame Immaculate,
And loud his voice he raised ;
Like knight and scholar all in one,
His Lady well he praised.

And those who dared dispute the grace
Of her Immaculate birth,
For aye were silenced, and their pride
For ever bowed to earth.

And so, 'tis said, from that same hour,
That Order poor hath been
Hidden within the inmost Heart
Of its Immaculate Queen.



FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, 1860.

Almost her last words were—"Oh, let me go!"

ALL through the midnight hours the angels beckoned,
And whispered to her heart low melodies of heaven;
Visions unutterable on her soul were thronging,
Such as to mortal sight are rarely given.

Visions of Paradise and of its brightness,
Of hours of glowing peace and endless calm,
Of raiment bright, of garments pure and spotless,
With which they clothe the children, of the Lamb.

They wrapt her in a trance of mystic silence,
And light ineffable into her spirit poured,
Until her soul, all weary with its waiting,
With pining cry to her Beloved soared.

"Oh, let me go," she murmured out all faintly;
"Oh, let me go," He waiteth, Christ, my love;
I would not see another earthly morning—
I cannot stay, my heart is gone above.

"Oh, let me go;" we part, but not for ever;
Our meeting-place will be in never-fading light—
E'en by the margin of that shining river
Where the Lamb walketh with His Brides in white.

It shall be where the tree of life is spreading,
For healing of the nations, its celestial leaves;
Where in God's storehouse are for ever gathered,
By the Good Husbandman, His precious sheaves.

“ Oh, let me go,” for though I love you truly—
Father and mother and my sisters kind—
Yet there is One to whom I cling more fondly,
And for His Presence I too long have pined.

You must not weep, for I will still be near you,
And where you are will be my constant place ;
For souls released still cherish their beloved ones,
Yet everywhere they see God’s blessed Face.

The morning breaketh, crowns are waiting for me ;
They beckon me, I come—I would not stay.
“ Oh, let me go,” she murmured yet more sadly ;
“ Oh, let me go,” and thus she passed away.



ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV.
DR. BLAKE.

It was the midnight hour,
And all was still around ;
Thy Master came, thou heard'st the call,
Nor trembled at the sound.

Thy heart had pined and longed,
Like captive bird for home ;
Thy spirit scarcely dwelt on earth—
'Twas where the seraphs roam.

Age had not quenched the fire—
The fire of love that thrilled
Thy inmost heart, thy inmost soul,
With zeal for Jesus filled.

And now thou seest Him
Whom thou didst long to see,
And now thy soul is filled with joy
For all eternity.

The torrent of delight
Fills all thy soul with bliss,
Thou'st seated at the nuptial feast,
Hast felt the nuptial kiss.

The martyrs call thee theirs,
In patient-borne pain ;
And apostolic choirs salute,
For thou with them shalt reign.

The saints have taken thee
 Unto their blessed band,
 Without a white robe on,
 Within the sunlit land.

It scarce can be that purging fire
 Could touch thy blessed soul :
 It scarce can be that burning flames
 Could o'er thy spirit roll.

What debts hast thou that are not paid ?
 Thou who so loved the poor ;
 Hast thou not purchased for thyself
 Treasures of countless store ?

Their tears will quench the flames,
 Their prayers will set thee free ;
 Thou who on earth didst make all blest
 Shouldst with the blessed be.



COURAGE.

Look up, look on ; be brave, my soul,
Faint heart can never win ;
Have purpose strong, have courage true,
If thou wouldst conquer sin.

The slothful, and the fearful heart,
No prize shall ever gain ;
They suffer, but they conquer not,
And sink beneath their pain.

But the true-hearted ones that love,
And strive for love alone,
Shall win the crowns the slothful lose,—
Shall stand before God's throne.

His chosen servants know not fear ;
They live but to obey ;
Nor death, nor change can fright,
For He is all their stay.

Choose, then, amongst the brave to be,
And thou shalt trophies raise,
While coward hearts and slothful souls
Are wasting all their days.



HOME.

Oh, Shepherd dear, thy sheep is spent and weary,
And pineth for the everlasting fold ;
Oh, come, sweet Christ ! this earth is dark and dreary,
And Thou hast joys man's heart has never told.

Long did I wander in another pasture ;
It was not Thine, though it seemed fresh and green ;
But it has looked e'en what it was since ever
Within Thy own dear pastures I have been.

And Thou didst seek me there unasked, unbidden
By aught save by Thy Heart's amazing love ;
And Thou didst softly call—No longer wander,
Come home, My chosen one, My spouse, My dove.

I heard Thy voice at first in fear and doubting ;
I scarcely dared to hope it could be Thine ;
I knew not all Thy love was bent on doing ;
Knew not the hopes which come with love divine.

And now within Thy sheepfold sweetly pastured,
My Shepherd feeds me with His Flesh and Blood :
Can ever love exceed in thought or measure
The love of our Incarnate God ?

And yet I'm weary—Christ, Thy lamb is weary—
Is pining for th' eternal pasture-land :
I want to see Thy face—to hear Thee whisper—
For ever near Me, thou, My spouse, shalt stand.

I want to see the five great wounds so glorious ;
I want to rest upon Thy wounded Heart ;
Oh, Shepherd dear ! Oh, Christ most true and loving !
Say when shall I from earth and sin depart.

It is not that I weary, Lord, of waiting ;
Though heavy is my cross, sad weary day ;
But had I joys beyond all joys uncounted,
Still upon earth I would not wish to stay.

Oh, take me, Christ, Thy little lamb is weary ;
I cannot love as I would wish to love,—
I cannot stay my soul's deep pining,—
Oh, take me to the pasture-land above.



Hymns for Children.

ALL FOR JESUS.

All for Jesus, Who has given
All that He had and could for us ;
'Tis not half-hearted love He asks ;
And who would treat a Saviour thus ?

Look how at every pore He bleeds ;
See how His Heart is pierced through ;
What does He ask for all this pain ?
What ! but a little love from you.

Give not that proud that angry glance ;
Say not that harsh, that bitter word ;
'Twill pierce your gentle Saviour's heart
Far deeper than the soldier's lance.

Oh, He has wounds and woes enough,
Without the pangs His children give ;
Oh ! how is it that we can bear
To wound that gentle Heart and live ?

Be sure the thorns which crowned His Head
Are not so cruel in their pain,
As when you sin, by thoughtless ways,
And open all His wounds again.

Why is it that we do not die
Of utter shame and misery,
When we are daily adding pains
To those He bore our souls to free.

JERUSALEM.

THERE is a city all whose walls are golden,
Whose gates are pearl, whose songs are always praise,
And its foundations are by all beholden,
Radiant with sapphire and the emerald's blaze.

Thither are gone full many souls once weary]
With wandering in this world of woe and care ;
And they no more with toil are faint and dreary,
No more earth's sin or weary burdens bear.

Within that city of eternal brightness
Each day some new foundation may be laid ;
And that which now we pass with thoughtless lightness
Will there in balance most exact be weighed.

Each act of love is there a stone of glory,
Each hath its share in forming that abode ;
There now, by endless joy, it tells the story
Of Him who hath redeemed us in His Blood.

And we may build within that city glorious,
And day by day some treasure put in store ;
There hang on fadeless trees the crown of victory
And jewels won by those who conflict bore.

There every victory—even a pain borne meekly—
Is changed to jewel of surpassing worth ;
There they may labour most who, sick and weakly,
Seem the most useless to mankind on earth.

There sighs of pain are incense sweetly burning,
There sharpest pain is alchymized to gold ;
And it is love that works this mystic turning,
That moulds earth's dross to treasure all untold.

HOME.

NEARER Home, nearer Home,
Every morn I rise ;
Nearer to my bright Home,
Yonder in the skies ;
Nearer to sweet Jesus,
Nearer to my Love.
When wilt Thou release me,
And take Thy bride above ?

Nearer Home, nearer Home,
I see each golden tower
Of that sunlit blessed land
Nearer every hour.
Joyously I welcome
Sharpest pangs of pain ;
Nearer Home, nearer Home ;
Every hour is gain.

Nearer for each trial,
Grievous tho' it be ;
Why weep when it winneth
Golden crowns for me ?
Why weep when I gather
Pearls with every tear ?
What is there in sorrow
That pilgrim souls should fear ?

Joyously I hear them say
Life will soon be o'er—
See the angels beckon
At the golden door.

So I go on singing,
Singing on my way :
Nearer Home, nearer Home,
Nearer every day.

Now I see my Mother,
Looking from her throne,
Saying, all so sweetly,
I am all her own—
Purchased, oh ! how dearly;
Dear I surely am,
Since she treasures fondly
The children of the Lamb.

Now I hear the angels
Tell their wondrous tale
Of celestial gladness,
Of joys that cannot fail :
Of the radiant beauty
Of that golden land—
Where, for ever singing,
The happy ones shall stand.

Like the dove, with patient
Folded wings, I wait
Till sweet death shall open
To me the heavenly gate ;
Till my Lord shall whisper,—
Come, my child, away.
Ah, my loving Jesus,
Hasten that blest day.

TO ST. STANISLAUS.

FAVOURITE of Mary, blessed One,
I see thee 'mid the angelic choir,
And hear thy burning notes of praise
Resounding from thy golden lyre.

Hail to thee, happy happy Saint !
Loving and loved ; even from thy birth
Thou scorned'st every earthly joy,
Pining for everlasting mirth.

Short was thy life, and yet how blest,
'T was long, thrice long, in burning love,
Whilst o'er thee floods of mystic joy
Were poured in torrents from above.

Client of Mary, all thy wish
Was still to be her child, her slave !
Client of Mary, plead with her
That she her graceless child may save.

Plead then for me, O gentle Saint,
And shield me 'mid life's devious ways,
Until with thee, in endless joy,
Jesus and Mary I shall praise.



TO THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Poor little Jesus, why dost thou weep ?
Wearily, wearily, seeking thy sheep,
On the cold mountain side,
By the dark river's tide,
Seeking Thy sheep.

Poor little Jesus, weary and worn,
With the rough thorny paths Thy hands are torn.
Oh, come and rest with me,
I will speak love to Thee,
Seeking Thy sheep.

I will not stray from Thee, dear little Child !
I will be like to Thee, humble and mild !
Poor little Jesus, hear me, oh hear !
Dear little Jesus ! keep me still near,
Seeking Thy sheep.

Why must Thou suffer thus, beautiful One ?
'Tis for the sins that Thy poor sheep have done.
Ah ! now Thou weep'st, Lord, weep'st for me,
Dear little Jesus, I take me to Thee,
Seeking Thy sheep.

Sweet Lord I love Thee
With my whole heart,
Oh, let me never more
From Thee depart.

TO THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

I will not grieve Thee,
Thou shalt not weep,
Or, if Thou wilt, Lord,
Thy tears I will keep,
Seeking Thy sheep.

Yes, I will keep them,
Dear little King,
And to all sad hearts
These tears I will bring.
Then they will weep no more
Since Thou our griefs didst bear,
Seeking Thy sheep.



PERFECTION.

The smallest flowers oft brightest are,
So the least action that we do,
Is beautiful to God above,
If tinged with charity's bright hue.

'Tis not the greatness of the gift
That makes it dear to loving hearts,
'Tis the affection which it tells,
That lustre to the gift imparts.

Thus little thoughts and little acts
Of holy love become immense,
And offered to the Heart of God,
Shine with new radiance drawn from thence.

Then, say not that thou canst not do
Great things for Jesus ; He will take
The smallest, and will prize it too,
If given with love for His dear sake.



REGINA ADMIRABILIS.

Who cometh like the rising sun,
Flooding the heavens and earth with light,
Chasing away with radiant beams,
The long, long darkness of the night.

Too long had darkness clouded o'er
The Jewish church, the Pagan world,
But Mary comes, and Satan's power
For ever to the earth is hurled.

Rising, she floods the heavens with light,
And crimsons o'er the purple clouds;
Darkness and sin are chased away,
Like ghosts of dead men in their shrouds.

She comes, she comes, oh ! brighter far
Than sun, and than the moon more fair ;
No beauty, save of only One,
Can to her loveliness compare.

No bannered army with its host
Can conquer as her smile can do.
Oh, ask that Queen—that Lady dear—
To give one only glance on you.

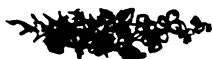
THE PRIEST'S FIRST MASS.

I STAND before the Altar steps ;
I tremble and adore ;
The very God of Heaven to-day
Must come to earth once more.

And I must bid Him—I must say
The mystic words which bring
From highest Heaven the Lord of Lords,
From highest Heaven my King.

Oh, grace ! that He should stoop so low—
Should come to sinful men ;
Oh, shame, that we should be so slow
To love Him back again.

Oh, grief ! that we are still so cold,
Though He is still so fond ;
Ah, when shall I begin to love
My Lord, my life, my God.



EVENING.

EVENING light upon the mountains,
Evening light upon the fountains,
Evening light in young men's faces—
Evening light comes in strange places.
Quaint and long the shadows fall
From the turret and the wall,
Quaintly slanting down the sward,
Where tall trees keep watch and ward
Call, like sentinels asleep,
O'er the flocks of little sheep :
Keep at even and keep at morn
Over flowers newly born.

Evening mists upon the hill,
Evening mists upon the rill,
Evening shades in children's faces—
Evening shades come in strange places.
Down within the valley lowly,
In the cloisters calm and holy,
Where veiled nuns keep watch and ward,
Waiting for their coming Lord.

Evening shadows on the wayside,
Evening shadows on the sea's tide,
Evening shadows on the beach,
Far upon the ocean reach :
Passing to another shore,
Where shadows shall be never more.

ST. BENEDICT.

LIKE an ancient prophet hoary,
See the great St. Benet stand ;
Still obtaining crowns of glory,
Conquering still in every land.

Now in ponderous tones of learning,
By his children he will speak,
With his zeal still ever burning,
Bless the strong, protect the weak.

Now preserving richest treasures
In an age of darkest night,
Spurning earth and earthly pleasures,
Standing nobly for the right.

How with patient wisdom teaching,
Bernard and Clairveaux can tell
What that great apostle's preaching
Won for those who loved him well.

Now in many streams dividing,
Fertilizing more and more ;
Our cold hearts and ways still chiding,
Spreading fast from shore to shore.

Patriarch of all religious,
Of a noble race the sire,
Kindle in the hearts who love thee
Some of the seraphic fire.

Bid them stand as bold and dauntless,
Bid them be as firm and strong ;
Stretch thy hand and guide them onwards
To the land of endless song.

There with thee and thousands glorious
May we stand before God's throne,
Singing songs of joy victorious,
Songs to none but virgins known.



SOWING.

THUS forth they go, by earth's dark streams in sadness,
Sowing in tears the precious treasured seed,
But they shall come again with shouts of gladness,
And bear a glorious harvest, sorrow's royal meed.

Nor few nor poor shall be their golden treasures,
For what is sown in tears is richly blest,
And God a hundred fold to such out measures,
And for their labour giveth endless rest.

When they go forth at morn, with bitter weeping,
And with a trembling hand the seed in furrow cast,
Little they deem how gloriously their reaping
Shall be, with shouts of jubilee at last.

Oh, sowers, weep ! since tears of love increase
The harvest of the Lord, for whom you sow ;
But let your weeping be in holy peace,
For only such from God's dear reapers flow.

Oh, think of Him for whose dear love thou sow'st ;
Those whom He trieth most are still most dear,
And every sorrow bears for you new fruit ;
What if His flowers grow best where sown with many
a tear ?



FORESEEN.

STERN work is for thee, O daughter !
Stern work shall thy portion be ;
But it is for Christ and His Mother,
Whom thou in Heaven would'st see.

Stern work is for thee, O daughter !
No pleasant wayside dreams,
No pleasant summer musings,
By pleasant summer streams.

Stern work is for thee, O daughter !
Nerve thy heart and nerve thy hand ;
No loiterer by life's wayside,
Shalt thou at thy leisure stand.

Stern work is for thee, O daughter !
Crush the sigh, dash back the tear,
Thou shalt see thy loved and thy dearest
Cold on the funeral bier.

Thou shalt be lone amidst many,
Thou shalt weep while others laugh,
And thy heart shall be wrung in its sadness,
This bitter cup to quaff.

What thou would'st shall ever fail thee,
That shall come which thou dost not will,
While others shall do their pleasure,
And joy in their young life still.

And men shall count thy life folly,
Shall doubt thy purpose true,
And year upon year shall ever
Bring to thee anguish new.

In thy early life a crushing
Of visions of home and bliss,
Thou shalt see, but thou shalt never
Taste of a joy like this.

Storms, then, shall darken round thee,
Clouds which thou canst not pierce,
And the tempest shall rage above thee,
With its blast so wild and fierce.

And then, after years of darkness,
And trial bitterly keen,
A moment of passing calmness
On thy lifepath shall be seen.

A brief, a passing vision,
Of the peace of the city of God,
Shall gleam, amidst bitter anguish,
Upon thy heavenward road.

But quickly will pass that vision,
Earth's rest is not for thee,
And then in flesh and in spirit
Shalt thou suffer bitterly.

Thou shalt struggle long with weakness,
With languor and with pain,
And by day thou shalt be weary,
Nor rest at night again.

But weep not thou, O daughter !
That stern work shall thy portion be,
For Christ and His blessed Mother,
They love thee tenderly.

They will guard thee as a treasure,
They will jewel thy every pain,
And thou wilt love the anguish,
Which their dear love shall gain.



QUEEN OF SORROWS.

Oh, Mary, sweet Mother !
Listen to me,
I'll sing of thy sorrow,
As thou stood'st neath the tree,
I'll tell of the anguish
Which pierced thy dear heart,
When thy Jesus lay dying,
And pierced with the dart.
And I, too, am weeping,
Am weeping my sin,
Oh, Mary, sweet Mother !
Thy child's pardon win.
I ask thee, I pray thee,
For love of thy Son,
I ask thee to pardon
The ills I have done.
Oh, Mary, sweet Mother !
By all thy heart's woes,
Watch over and keep us
Until our life's close.
Oh, Mary, Mother Mary,

Oh, Queen of Sorrows great,
Who wounded so thy blessed heart,
Thou Mother desolate.
Are we not thine, Oh, Lady dear,
The children of thy love ?
We plead by thy seven dolours now,
Hear us, thou wounded dove.

Oh, Mary, Mother Mary,
We weep to see thee weep ;
Oh, give us but one tear of thine—
One precious tear to keep.
We'll bring it to thy Blessed Son,
Like diamond it will shine,
And He will pardon all our sin
For that one tear of thine.
Oh, Mary, Mother Mary,
Oh, Queen of Sorrows, hear :
If thou wilt guard our convent home,
No ill can ere come near.



TO A JUBILARIAN.

BRIGHTER crowns await thee, crowns that cannot fade,
Promised by The Eternal One
To the spouses of His Son—
Crowns with hands not made.

Yet a little longer, yet a few brief years,
And thy crown shall be
For eternity
Radiant with its light, never dimmed with tears.

Earthly jubilees shadow but that land
Where the heavenly Bridegroom waits
To crown thee in the golden gates,
There where the blessed stand.

And, looking even now, are thousands gone before,
The children of our Mother Clare
Are waiting for thee over there,
And wreathing an eternal wreath to crown thee evermore.

And when the resting day shall come for thee in heaven;
Oh, Mother dear, remember those
Who wander still amid earth's woes,
And pray for them when thy eternal crown is given.



IN MEMORIAM.

"Below Thy feet, with Magdalene reclining,
Or those who crumbs beneath Thy table seek,
If on Thy right saints have no room for me,
There will I rest for ever unrepining."

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

NAV, for the saints are waiting thee where endless
Enrapturing joys are flooding souls like thine ;
Those who, like thee, have loved the poor and friendless,
Shall, with the dearest, near the Spouse recline.
Apostles there shall claim thee for their fellow,
Since thou, like them, hast borne the Church's cares,
Hast braved the surging tide—the angry billow,
Guiding Christ's sheep in ceaseless toil and prayer ;
Hast toiled in winter's cold, in summer's burning,
'Midst men's contempt, while angels pause to praise,
New songs of rapture on their sweet harps telling,
For apostolic acts and gifts in later days.
Martyrs shall honour there what here unheeded
May pass ; the patient pain, the wrong unheard,
The toil that would not rest while even the poorest needed
The ministry of Christ's most faithful steward ;
And virgins, Oh ! my God, their tenderest accents
Are pleading now before the Eternal Throne,
With ceaseless prayer, with ceaseless fond entreaties,
That thou mayest be more utterly God's own ;
That He may yet repay with love beyond all measure
Thy anxious watching and thy patient thought,

For those who still are deemed the Church's treasure,
The Lamb's own spouses, by His heart's blood bought.
Oh, say not then, for Christ's sweet love, my Father,
That thou "beneath the saints" thy place must find ;
For saints and virgins, martyrs and apostles,
Even now with glistening gems thy crown do bind.
Oh, rather say it—for Thy endless merit
Will, from such lowliness, but deepen more,
Adding new harmonies to songs enraptured,
With which they wait Thee on the golden shore.



THE STABAT **MATER**.

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius.

Cujus animam gementum
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiuit gladius.

STANDS that Mother most afflicted
By the cross where Jesus dies :
Who may know that Mother's dolours ?
Tears are in her patient eyes.

Now her soul, His sorrow bearing,
Bows with anguish 'neath the sword
Which her gentle heart is piercing,
Piercing with a woe unheard.

Oh ! how sad and how afflicted,
Mother of the only Son,
Art thou in this hour of darkness,
When His earthly race is run !

Who can hear thy griefs unmoved,
Who can think upon thy pain,
Who can picture all thy sadness,
And from bitter tears refrain ?

Now thou gazest on thy sweet One,
All with bloody scourges torn,
For our sins, and for His people,
Oh ! what torture he hath borne.

Now He hangs in desolation,
 Now He bows His head and dies :
 O my Mother ! fount of loving,
 Keep me where thy true love lies !

Make me weep with thee, my Mother,
 Make me feel as thou hast felt,
 'Till my very heart and spirit
 With thy grief and anguish melt.

Pierce me, pierce me, holy Mother,
 With His wounds who died for me ;
 Make me share the awful dolour
 Which those wounds have caused to thee.

May I weep with thee, my Mother,
 Weep my Jesus crucified ;
 May I never leave Him, Mother,
 But beneath His cross abide !

This is all I ask thee, Lady,
 This do I desire alone—
 Tears to weep of deep contrition,
 More and more to be His own.

May I weep when I am dying,
 Virgin, of all virgins dearest—
 Weep His griefs as thou didst weep,
 Who to Him of all wert nearest.

Oh! be near me, near me, Mother,
 In the day of endless doom ;
 Bring me to thy Son when judgment
 Calls me from the silent tomb.

And when I am dying, Jesus,
May Thy Mother come for me ;
May she guard me, may she keep me,
May she bring my soul to Thee !

She will be my palm of victory,
She will be my sure defence,
And to Paradise will bring me
When my soul Thou callest hence.



ON THE RECOVERY OF A VERY DEAR SISTER FROM FEVER.

THE angels, looking from their bright dominions,
Had said, "On earth why should she longer roam?"
And one—he spread abroad his sunlit pinions,
And softly came, even to our Convent home.

Awhile he lingered, pausing on the threshold,
For there he heard the murmur of sweet prayer;
His form was radiant with a light ecstatic,
And he was rapt and tranced even there.

He heard a mother say, "My God, my treasure
I give to Thee—she is less mine than Thine;
Thy Will is mine—I have no other pleasure;
Rend, if Thou wilt, the ties which round her twine."

He heard her Sisters say, "Beloved,
Thou lov'st us so, thou canst not do amiss;
Yet we would give our own life's forfeit gladly
If thou wouldst spare us sorrow such as this."

The angel spread abroad his golden pinions,
And in a thought he stood before God's throne.
He said, "My God, I cannot bear to grieve them,
Whose hearts are all so utterly Thine own."

He looked at Mary, and her hands were folded;
He saw the Heart of Jesus very strangely stirred;
He asked no more; he knew that her petition
Was, ere its utterance, by her Master heard.

Down from that Heart, so past all knowledge loving,
 Came forth new fountains of deep tenderness ;
 And thus He charged that angel dear and gentle
 Those little ones of His for Him to bless :

“ Take to the one who suffered all so meekly
 New store of merit for her every pain,
 And bid her wait on earth a little longer,
 Until I come and call her home again.

And to the one who gave me up her treasure
 (For love the Heart of Jesus scarce could speak),
 Say that I give her grace beyond all thought or measure,
 Her portion shall be with the lowly and the meek.

And to the Sisters, who to each so loving
 Have clung like flight of doves in hour of dread,
 Say that they weep no more, lest I should sever
 The tie so dear—I give her from the dead.”

And so the angel came again with touch of healing,
 And dried our tears, and made our dear one rise
 From bed of pain, for other work and living,
 Till He should come once more for His dear prize.

February, 1863.



HYMN SUNG AT THE OPENING OF OUR SCHOOLS.

MARY, our Mother, hear our prayer,
And guide us on our heavenward way ;
Take us, thy children, to thy care,
And bless us on this happy day.

We hope in thee, sweet Mother Queen,
For ever to thy children dear ;
Amongst the fair thou'rt fairest seen,
Keep us to thee and Jesus near.

To-day thy presence here we crave—
Oh, come and bless this holy work ;
These little children, Mother, save,
And let no evil near them lurk.

For us and them, oh, Mother dear,
Stretch forth thy blessèd hands to plead ;
If thou dost speak thy Son will hear,
And give us grace for every need.

For in thy honour we have met,
And in thy honour we begin ;
Thy children, Mother, ne'er forget,
But keep us far from grief and sin.

1st May, 1862.

THE HYMN OF ST. SECHNALL OR SECUNDINUS.

The Hymn of St. Sechnall was, we believe, first published in the "Catholic Layman." It was published again in 1855, in the first Fasciculus of the *Liber Hymnorum*, or Book of Hymns of the ancient Irish Church. In this edition the two sets of glosses are published, and valuable notes are added by the late Dr. Todd. St. Sechnall was the son of Restitutus, one of the Longobards, and Limania, a sister of St. Patrick. He was, consequently, nephew of our great apostle. We have had some difficulty in preserving the alphabetical character of the hymn in the translation, but it seemed desirable at least to make the attempt.

A UDITE, omnes amantes
Deum, sanctum merita
Viri in Christo beati,
Patricii Episcopi ;
Quomodo bonum ob actum
Simulatur angelis,
Perfectamque propter vitam
Æquatur apostolis.

B eati Christi custodit
Mandata in omnibus ;
Cujus opera refulgent
Clara inter homines ;
Sanctumque cujus sequuntur
Exemplum mirificum ;
Unde et in cœlis Patrem
Magnificant Dominum.

Constans in Dei timore
Et fide immobilis ;
Super quem ædificatur,
Ut Petrum, ecclesia ;
Cujusque apostolatum
A Deo sortitus est ;
In cujus portæ adversus
Inferni non prævalent.

All ye who love God
The praises now hear
Of Patrick, the bishop,
To Christ ever near ;
Who, like unto angels,
In glory is found,
And, like the apostles,
For ever is crowned.

Brightly his light shines,
He keepeth the word
Of Christ ever blessed,
And so like his Lord ;
Then follow him, praising
The good he hath done,
To the Father give glory,
And unto the Son.

Christ's fear still upholds him,
In faith he stands fast,
With the Church he will conquer
And triumph at last,

Like Peter, whose mission
From God cannot fail,
For hell's gates shall never
Against him prevail.

D ivinely he's chosen
A fisher of souls ;
With the net of the Gospel
He gathereth shoals ;
From barbarous nations
He wins God a race
Who in heaven hereafter
Shall be crowned by His grace.

E ach talent he uses,
For God he would win
The people of Erin
From the evil of sin ;
And he gets for his labour
Eternal reward,
And usury tenfold,
From Jesus, his Lord.

F rom his actions he preaches,
So that all men may see
What a faithful apostle
In his conduct should be.
By deeds thus he winneth
When words cannot gain,
So great is the grace
Of a life without stain.

Great glory Christ gives him,
By men still revered ;
As an angel of God
He is honoured and feared ;
To the Gentiles, like Paul,
He is sent to proclaim
The kingdom of heaven,
And to preach in God's name.

He sets on each action
God's Spirit, a seal
Of heav'nly grace places,
And blesses his zeal :
The marks of Christ bearing,
Still humble and meek,
God's glory alone
In each action he'll seek.

In all things like his Master,
He tendeth the weak,
And the faint and the weary
He ever will seek ;
Like the manna increasing,
While giving to each,
The word of the Gospel
To all he will teach.

Keeping pure, for God's sake,
His flesh undefiled,
By no evil ensnared,
By no tempter beguiled ;

A holocaust living,
A sacrifice true,
He offers to God
Each moment anew.

Like a candlestick placed
To diffuse Gospel light,
He shines through the world,
Dispelling its night ;
A city established
On a hill ever sure,
He keepeth Christ's riches
In his fortress secure.

Meetly honored in heaven,
The greatest is he
Whose words and whose actions
In virtue agree ;
Good example he giveth,
With heart ever pure,
A pattern of virtue
To rich and to poor.

Now to Gentiles he preaches,
In the name of the Lord,
Of salvation's pure laver,
And God's holy word ;
For them, too, he prayeth,
And offereth each day
A holocaust worthy
All evil to stay.

O pposing things earthly,
 For God's holy law,
 As the pure wheat is severed
 From chaff and from straw ;
 Unmoved by affliction,
 He heeds no rebuke,
 Nor the threats of the sinner,
 Nor the scoffer's proud look.

P astor most faithful,
 He guards Gospel sheep,
 Whom God in His wisdom
 Hath given him to keep ;
 He hopes, like his Master,
 That his life may be given
 For the souls whom he teaches
 And guides on to heaven.

Q uite plain are his merits :
 As a bishop, he'll guide
 The clergy to conflict,
 With truth on their side ;
 He clothes them in vestments,
 He gives them true bread,
 And they learn from his teaching
 How Christ's flock must be fed.

R aised up as a herald,
 He calls rich and poor,
 To come to the nuptials
 In raiment all pure ;

In vessels celestial
 He gives heavenly wine,
 And pledges the people
 In a chalice divine.

S cripture's rich mine he openeth,
 Well taught in its lore,
 And daily he gaineth
 Of merit yet more ;
 As an Israel counted,
 For in all things he sees
 His God and his Saviour,
 And from evil he flees.

T he witness most faithful,
 All truth he 'll unfold,
 And the Catholic Faith
 By his preaching is told ;
 No human taint ever
 His words shall profane,
 The salt of true wisdom
 Shall keep him from stain.

V ast Gospel fields tilling,
 He sows the good seed
 Of the Gospel of Christ,
 Without tare or weed ;
 And the words which he speaks
 In the ears of the wise,
 In a rich crop of grace
 From their hearts shall arise.

X t. Jesus hath chosen,
 That here in His place
 He should liberate captives
 From two-fold disgrace ;
 From slavery some,
 But from Satan still more,
 Thus freed from all chains
 Which in bondage they wore.

Y et hymns and Apocalypse
 This great chanter sings,
 And with psalmody sweet
 To his Lord honor brings ;
 The people thus teaching
 The God One in Three,
 He worships Three Persons
 In one Unity.

Z oned with God's cincture,
 By night and by day,
 With fervour unceasing,
 He fails not to pray.
 And with the apostles,
 As reward for his pains,
 A saint over Israel
 In glory he reigns.

All ye, &c.



HYMN TO ST. BRENDAN,

PATRON OF KERRY.

SAINT of Kerry, holy Brendan,
Hear us while to thee we pray ;
Look upon our homes and bless them,
By thy faithful people stay.

Thou wert once a wanderer lowly,
We are lonely wanderers too ;
Help us—on life's treacherous ocean,
Fears are many, helps are few.

When the storms of wild temptation
Overwhelm our trembling souls,
Then be thou our aid, O Brendan !
Keep us from sin's fatal shoals.

When deceitful calms entice us—
When we rest from holy strife,
Then, oh ! then, revive our courage,
Make us battle on to life.

Pray for us with holy Ita,
Guardian of thy early youth ;
Ask that all thy country's children
May be nurtured in God's truth.

Pray for us with holy Finian,
Pray for people and for priest,
That we all may meet triumphant
At the Lamb's Eternal Feast.*

* "To revive and promote devotion to the Patron Saints of Our Diocese, We hereby grant an Indulgence of Forty Days to those who devoutly recite the foregoing Hymn to St. Brendan.

" Given at Our Palace, Killarney, this
9th day of June, 1868.

"✠ DAVID,
"Bishop of Kerry."



HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

ST. PATRICK, for our country pray,
Our ever faithful land,
Whose martyred hosts so gloriously
Before God's great throne stand ;
Look down upon thy children here,
Look down upon our race,
And bless, dear Saint, this little isle
And each one's native place.

Chorus—From foes without, from fears within,
From every evil, every sin,
St. Patrick, set us free.

Oh, hear us, Patrick, while we pray,
Thou art our own dear Saint,
Uphold the weak, protect the young,
Strengthen the souls that faint ;
Thou know'st how we are tempted still—
Thou know'st how we are tried—
Thou know'st that we are faithful too,
Whatever ills betide.

Chorus.—From foes without, &c., &c.

Oh, help our poor in patient love
To bear their suffering life,
To think of that great victory
Which cometh after strife ;
Keep from them all revengeful thoughts
Whene'er they suffer wrong—
The meek alone are crowned in heaven,
And heaven will come ere long.

Chorus.—From foes without, &c., &c.

We are thy children, blessed Saint,
The children of thy love,
We know how mighty is thy prayer,
How it was heard above ;
Pray for us now, for priest and nun,
For rich men and for poor,
That to the end, however tried,
Our faith may still endure.

Chorus.—From foes without, &c., &c.*

Hail, Mary.

* “ We hereby grant an Indulgence of Forty Days to all who shall devoutly recite the Hymn of St. Patrick, with one Hail, Mary.

“✠ HENRY EDWARD,

“*Archbishop of Westminster.*

“*February 20th, 1868.*”



HYMN TO ST. BRIGID.

SAINT BRIGID, Saint most holy,
Dear Patron of our Isle,
Oh, keep us meek and lowly
Whatever foes beguile !
Watch o'er our sea-girt island,
Thy mantle spread around,
As once thou didst extend it
On Curragh's holy ground. •

Ask that God's saints may bless us
With blessings not a few ;
What can we fear of evil
With Patrick and with you ?
Make the holy still more holy,
Make the pure ones still more pure—
With thy protection, Brigid,
Of blessings we are sure.

Pray for us, saintly maiden,
Pray for thy own dear isle,
And keep us from the tempter,
From sin and every guile.
Oh, make our faith still stronger,
Our patience yet more sure,
And teach us that the victor
Must to the end endure.

Pray for us, then, St. Brigid,
Thy children we would be,
And guide us up to heaven,
To Patrick and to thee.

We fight for crowns eternal,
We suffer but to win,
And he must fight who conquers
The tempter and the sin.*

Hail, Mary.

* "We hereby grant an Indulgence of Forty Days to all who shall devoutly recite the Hymn of St. Brigid, with one Hail Mary.

✠ HENRY EDWARD,

"Archbishop of Westminster.

"February 20th, 1868."



Verses for Children.

THE LORD IS WITH THEE.

THE VISITATION.

THE Lord is with thee, Mary ;
He lieth in thy breast ;
Thou bearest Him within thee,
To be thy cousin's guest.

The Lord is with thee, Mary,
And John is sanctified
Ere yet for His redemption
The Son of God had died.

Oh ! happy, happy are the souls
Who trust to Mary's care ;
No matter what may happen here,
They never need despair.

They have a Mother whose kind heart
Will always for them plead,
And if they truly love her, she
No grace will let them need.

She sits upon a great bright throne,
Near her dear Son in Heaven ;
And what she asks, and what she wills,
To her is always given.

A M E N.

"AMEN;" yes, it meaneth
Lord so let it be,
What Thou wiltest and pleasest
Is dearest to me ;

Like a soft gush of music
Borne off on the breeze,
Where at evening it sigheth
In tall, leafy trees,

So floateth our "Amen"
Up into God's ear,
For prayer is the music
He loveth to hear.

Oh ! say it, then, meekly,
Oh ! breathe it out low,
Since up into Heaven
Your accents will go.

The angels will hear it,
And Mary will plead
For the blessings and graces
Our sinful souls need.

One day we must utter
Our last faint "Amen ;"
May God, in His mercy
Remember us then.

THE ALTAR BOY.

At holy Mass I serve each day
I am an Altar Boy ;
I know the angels up in Heaven
Might envy me this joy.

They crowd around the altar steps,
To worship and adore,
But happy, happy that I am,
I can do this and more.

I help the priest, and answer him
With Kyrie and Amen,
And serve the wine for sacrifice,
And swing the censer then.

I should be like the pure bright flowers
That on the altar lie,
Still giving forth the deep perfume
Of true humility.

I should be like the burning lights
That on the altar blaze,
Still ever showing unto men
My holy works and ways.

I should be like the ardent fire
That in the censer lies—
My heart, my thoughts, my actions all,
To God must ever rise.

I'm often near to holy things,
And holy I should be ;
My God ! oh, keep the Altar Boy
From every evil free.



SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE.

'Twas in the midnight, cold and dark,
The stars were in the sky,
When Jesus knelt, and prayed, and wept
Upon Gethsemani.

He bent His head down on the earth,
And soon the ground was wet,
For in His agony of grief
There came a bloody sweat.

Three hours He lay, and prayed and prayed,
In bitter agony,
And then came cruel men with whips,
And cords His hands to tie.

They dragged Him off to Pilate's hall,
And mocked Him all the night,
And then they left Him cold and faint
At early morning's light.

They never gave Him food or rest,
Or comfort in His pain,
But took great whips and beat Him till
Blood came like drops of rain.

And then they put a cruel crown
Of thorns upon His head,
And then before the multitude
Their patient Victim led.

The people cry with empty shouts
Till Pilate sentence gave,
That they might crucify their God,
And might release a slave.

And then they dragged Him up the hill,
Though 'neath His cross He fell,
But still they drove Him on to death,
Like demons out of hell.



WAS CRUCIFIED.

ONCE, on a bright, bright summer day,
A little child sat on my knee,
That I might tell her all the tale
Of Christ's sad pain on Calvary ;
And as I spoke the tear-drops came
So thick and fast into her eyes,
And when she went to sleep she still
Was sobbing out her bitter sighs.
"Alas, poor Gentleman,"* she said,
"And did they kill Him—is He dead ?
What did He do ?—that gentle Christ,
That they should give Him all that pain ;
Oh, how I wish I had been there
To love Him back to life again.
I would have given Him all my toys,
And all my flowers, and left my play,
If only with that gentle Christ
Those wicked men had let me stay.
Alas ! Alas !" again she said,
"And did they kill Him—is He dead ?"
'Twas the same story every day ;
That gentle child still ever sighed,
Because those cruel, wicked men,
That kind, good God had crucified.
Her little heart was wearing out,
Her toys and flowers she scarce could bear,

* A fact.

And still she murmured, still she wept,
As if borne down by weight of care.
"I want to go to Him," she said,
"To see the wounds He bore for me,
And tell Him that I love Him so,
And I His own dear child will be."
She was not long for us, on earth,
Her infant heart for Jesus yearned ;
To see Him was her only thought ;
And soon her heavenly crown she earned.
"I do not want to stay on earth,
For I might sin and give Him pain,
And then, you say, into His hands
I'd drive those cruel nails again.
I'll go up to that bright, bright Heaven,
And always stay at Jesus' side,"
We saw that she was going soon,
And ere a week our baby died.



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

THE yellow corn is ripe in the fields,
And our men are gone out to reap,
And soon a joyous harvest home
Will those merry reapers keep ;

But I hope in their sports, so glad and gay,
They will thank the Good God who gives
The daily meal and the daily work
By which the poor man lives.

I hope they will sing no songs profane,
And no evil words will say,
Lest the mercies of their loving Lord
From them should be turned away.



"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN."

SOME angels stand before God's throne,
And praise Him all day long,
And sing in never-ending strains
Their blessed, blessed song.

Some angels go about the earth
To guard its fruits and flowers,
To send the sunshine on the fields,
Or get refreshing showers.

Some go and mind the shepherds' boys
Who watch upon the hill,
And some the monarch in his state—
Each do God's holy will.

And some for little children care,
And round them put their wings,
And when they sleep, the sweetest songs
The blessed angel sings.

Some angels walk beside the priest
When he is called to see
The sick and dying ones, and there
Those angels love to be.

And in the winter's frost and snow,
And in the midnight cold,
They follow him with whispered prayers,
And round him bright wings fold.

Some stand where penitents pour out
Their tale of sin and woe,
And smile to see the Precious Blood
O'er the forgiven flow.

But still those angels never choose,
Nor ever wish or ask
For other work than what God gives,
They love too well the task.



**"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE
FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US."**

FORGIVE and forget ; 'tis the pleasantest way,
For I know if you don't you'll be sulky all day ;
When we're cross with each other we're cross with ourselves,
And as peevish and spiteful as mischievous elves.
And no one is happy when they are unkind ;
'Tis foolish and sinful such trifles to mind ;
One kind little word, one bright little smile,
Will often the bitterest temper beguile.
Then go to your sister and ask her to play,
For if she was cross, so were you, I dare say ;
If both are forgiving, and both will make friends,
In a few little minutes the quarrel all ends ;
But if one pouts her lip and puts on a cross face,
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, God wont give her his grace ;
And she can't say her prayers when she's going to bed,
If quarrelsome thoughts are still in her head ;
She can't say "forgive me, as I have forgiven,"
And, then, if she died she would not go to Heaven.
So forgive and forget, my dear little one,
And be like sweet Jesus, the Virgin's dear Son ;
Think how He forgave,—and such cruel men—
And say will you ever be angry again ;
Ah, no, for you wish to be like Mary's Child,
So ask Him to make you forgiving and mild.

THE CHURCH OF KERRY.

"I have only one earthly love, and that is the Church of Kerry . . . Our venerated host has added a priceless gem to the diadem of Kerry, and therefore I have cause to rejoice in the increased beauty of my Bride."—*Speech of the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty at the Consecration of the Church of Kenmare.*

I.

I HAVE one earthly love ! a peerless Bride ;
Purer than pearl-gem is her holy brow.
I wedded her with mystic plight beside
The altar of my God, with solemn vow.
I took her to my own with tears and prayer,
And now to jewel her is all my thought ;
For I would make the fairest yet more fair,
Would dower anew the Bride Christ's blood hath bought.

II.

Poor is my Bride in earthly wealth ; no store
Of jewelled crowns or silken sheen hath she,
But she hath treasures richer far, and more
Resplendent than the gems of Eastern Sea.
Rich in her holiness and rich in fame
Of saintly men who worshiped at her shrine—
Who came from far, attracted by her name,
I learn beneath their feet the lore of love Divine.

III.

Where the *Shan-arragh*¹ laves her sea-girt shore ;
Where Brendan dwelt with countless saints and died,
Their memories shall live for evermore,
Green as the hill² which crowns that ocean's tide.
Though they have passed unto another land,
The odour of their garments from afar
Comes, like the breath of spring-flowers, from the hand
That scatters them beneath triumphal car.

IV.

Such memories my Bride hath in her heart,
Such jewels in her keeping may be found ;
And thousands more have also there a part
Whose names in mortal ear will ne'er resound.
For in the Land of Saints, of saints her store
Hath still abounded, where *all* saints were found ;
And they who linger on tradition's lore,
Can tell how Kerry hath been holy ground,

V.

I love to muse upon that ancient page
Which tells how great her glories were of old ;
Of shepherds hoar with love, and bent with age ;
Of saints, who nurtured saints within her fold.

¹ Shan-arragh—the Atlantic, or old sea.

² Saint Brendan's Hill, which still bears his name.

First lover of my Bride, Brendanus teach,
My lips to utter charmèd eloquence,
That I may words of comfort to her preach ;
Be thou my constant shield and my defence.

VI.

Thou whom our great Apostle didst foretell,³
Long ere thy birth, to be thy country's saint,
Truly thy mission thou fulfilledst well—
How well no speech of mine can dare to paint.
In distant Brittany thy light hath shone,
But brighter still it shines on Kerry's shore,
For though the glories of Clonfert are gone,
The faith thou taught us lives for evermore.

VII.

It lived in thee, it lived in him who came
To guide thy Church when thou wert called to heaven ;
And still we treasure sweet St. Mona's name,
Who sleeps in Christ beneath the Altars seven.
It lived in Kilian, who won martyr's crown
On distant shores, where he, with fearless speech,
Reproved the guilty, and for all renown
Sought praise alone where blame can never reach.

³ The birth and mission of St. Brendan were foretold by St. Patrick. He founded a famous monastery in Brittany, where many distinguished prelates were educated. After his return to his native land and county Kerry, he founded the monastery of Clonfert, which became one of the most famous schools of ancient Erin. St. Ita, a holy virgin distinguished by her sanctity and noble birth, educated St. Brendan.

VIII.

He spoke, and thousands hung upon his word ;
He prayed, and Heaven opened wide its gate.
Unto salvation countless thousands heard
The words of peace, who else had lived in hate.
Princes and people sought the healing flood,
And in baptismal waters washed them white,
Singing His praise who died upon the wood,
Who sent His Saint to banish error's night.

IX.

But even in Paradise the slimy trail
Of serpent hate stained its all holy ground,
And demons sought to shake what cannot fail,
And dreamed of triumph when revenge they found.
For sin reproved the deadly deed was done ;
For sin reproved how many saints have died—
How many martyrs' blood-red palms have won,
Have stood on Calvary with the Crucified.

X.

The murderer found him where the priest should be,
Before the Altar at the midnight hour ;
In prayer, and fast, and lonely vigil he
Had won the triumphs of Apostles' power.
The grand Ambrosian hymn was then as now
Sung in the Church's Office of the night,
And crowns were gleaming o'er the chanter's brow,
Even as they sang of ' martyrs robed in white.'

XI.

The *Sanctus* rang all down the dim-lit aisle,
The saintly prelate bent his head full low ;
Softly he murmured, ' Yet a little while,
And unto angels even I may go,
A moment, and his song was hushed on earth ; '
A moment, and one rapturous shout in heaven
Told of unending joys, eternal mirth,
Of martyrs' crowns to glorious martyrs given.

XII.

Saint Kilian pray for us ; we also sing
Te Deum, and *Dignare Domine*, with thee ;
Since other martyrdoms to us our Lord may bring,
And other crowns, unworthy though we be.
The path to Heaven is bright with martyr's blood,
With tears is jewelled, and is paved with pain ;
And all must in their measure trophies red
Bear, if eternal crowns they seek to gain .

XIII.

Thorns in the feet and bleeding brows we see,
But sunlight floods upon the lifted eyes ;
The feet defiled with earthly mire may be,
The heart has soared beyond the starry skies,
The outward seeming may be dark and drear,
All may not hear th' angelic strains which round
The blessed, even on earth, with holy cheer,
In deepest melody give sweetest sound.

Part II.

I.

My Bride ! My only earthly love thou art !
How can my feeble utterance speak thy praise ?
It cannot tell how dear unto my heart
Thou wilt be even unto eternal days !
Thy beauty mantles like the flush of morn
O'er thine own hills, resplendent from afar
With glories new, of glories old still born,
Planet outshining planet, star excelling star.

II.

Yes ; thou art beautiful ! . Thy open brow
Is Purity's own throne, where like a queen
She rides triumphant over every foe,
For guile in thee none ever yet hath seen,
And lustful tempters turn from thee with fear,
So glorious are the rays which from thee stream,
Thy very glance is passion's certain bier,
For angel lights around thee ever gleam.

III.

How did thy country win her glorious dower ?
How did her maidens gain their peerless grace,
That spotless in all trial to this hour,
Amid the purest they may take their place ?

Was it the love of Mary which erewhile
The deep devotion of thy sons became
That saved them from the tempter's cruel guile,
And made thy purity thy chiefest fame ?

IV.

'Oh, Mary, great ! Oh, Mary, greatest !' thou
Didst cry, and called her 'Couch of love and grace ;'⁴
And Mary all thy prayer heard then as now,
And took thee for her own, her chosen race.
'Mother of golden light, heaven's gates unclosed,
Chaste virgin, fountain-locked,' they cried ;
'Beauty of women, crimson-flushing rose,
Beauty of Virgins, heaven's eternal Bride !'

V.

Oh, not in vain they sang thy spotless fame !
Oh, not in vain they asked thee thus to bless
Their tribes, and bid them bear thy name,
And walk before thee in all righteousness.
True to their faith when thousands fell around,
True to their Lord when thousands round denied,
Well may I glory, Erin, in the day
When in thy favoured Church I found a Bride.

VI.

The ploughers ploughed upon thy back, but thou
Didst calmly smile, and still upon thy way

⁴ An Irish Litany, addressed to the Blessed Virgin, of the eighth century has these and many other expressions equally beautiful.

Passed on, with pallid cheek and bleeding brow,
Clasping thy hands more fervently to pray.
They spoiled thy Church of all its ancient state,
My Bride, and cast thee scorning to the ground ;
They wreaked on thee their worst of fiendish hate,
Yet thou, in anguish, still wert faithful found.

VII.

They tore thy children from thee and they left
Thy Altars lonely which were once so fair ;
And yet, though thou wert utterly bereft,
The Faith was still in safety in thy care.
To keep this treasure was thy only thought,
For this thou freely gavest all beside,
And thus unto all nations thou hast brought
The riches of thy wealth, my faithful Bride.

VIII.

Clonfert was gone, but Irrelagh remained—
They might have spared it for its children's sake.
Alas ! its altars, too, were all profaned,
And even its poor ones poorer yet they make.
Up on the lonely desert mountain side,
Down in the deepest valley's darkest glen,
There thou wert fain to dwell, my peerless Bride,
To bear the evil ways of evil men.

IX.

But winter days are passing—light has come ;
New jewels every day shall crown thy brow ;

And in the stillness of thy mountain home
New glories wait thee even now.
In far Kenmare a jewel rare to thee
By holy hands with holy love is given ;
Said I not rightly, 'twas my jubilee—
That I should see thee crowned in earth and heaven.

X.

Oh, Kerry ! plighted, blessed Spouse of mine !
Thy glories are my spirit's one desire ;
All that I am and have shall still be thine.
Would I could give thee all thy needs require ;
Would that upon thy children I could pour
The richest treasures of celestial grace,
And open for each one the golden door,
That I, with them, might see God's blessed face.



HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE STABAT MATER OF THE CRIB.

Stabat Mater speciosa,	Cujus animam gaudentem,
Juxta fenum gaudiosa,	Lætābundam et ferventem,
Dum jacebat parvulus.	Pertransivit júbilus.*

STANDS the Mother more than beauteous
Where her blessed Child is laid ;
In that stable, by that manger,
Stands that raptured mother-maid.

How her virgin soul is swelling,
Thrilling with unearthly bliss !
She hath seen Him, she hath heard Him,
She hath felt His infant kiss.

How she sings with joy ecstatic—
Sings the pure and undefiled,
Stainless, spotless, mother-virgin—
Mother of the Only Child !

* The "Stabat Mater" of the Crib was composed by the Spanish poet, Jacopone de Todi, the contemporary and intimate friend of Dante, and the author of the "Stabat Mater." Jacopone entered the Order of Friars Minor, and persevered therein in great sanctity and fervour until his death. He died on Christmas night, in the year, 1306, at the moment when the *Gloria in excelsis* was intoned in the church of his monastery.

Who can choose but share her rapture,
As she clasps Him to her breast,
Playing now in childlike beauty,
Sleeping now in peaceful rest.

For our sins, and for His nation,
See the little Jesus lies
In the stable, with the oxen—
Tears are in His infant eyes.

"Nato Christo in præsepe,"
So the white-winged angels sing ;
Coming down from highest heaven,
Praises to that Crib to bring.

Stands the holy, peaceful Joseph,
With that spotless Virgin Flower ;
Speechless in their holy rapture,
Speechless at that midnight hour.

Ah ! my Mother, fount of loving,
Since from thee all loving flows,
Breathe into my inmost spirit
All the love thy bosom knows.

Make me feel the pain He suffers
From the cradle to the grave,
Who, in that poor stable lying,
Comes from heaven my soul to save.

Bind me close, and ever closer,
To that Babe of Bethlehem,
To thy gentle *Jesulino*—
Love must find new names for Him.

Even in my exile burning,
Make me live for His sweet love,
With a rapture hourly deepening,
Till He takes me home above.

Virgin, of all virgins purest,
Spotless, stainless, undefiled,
Give me in my arms to clasp Him
Let me kiss thy blessed Child.

Let my soul be lost in loving
Him who, dying, gives us life ;
Who is born this blessed morning,
Peace to bring, to banish strife.

Flood me with enraptured sweetness,
Let me love my life away,
Mother spotless, with thy Infant
And thyself, this blessed day.

And when dying let me see Him ;
Let me clasp Him to my breast—
Loving living, loving dying,
Let me go to endless rest.









ERRATA.

Page 15, last line. For "mustar sdeed," read "mustard seed."

" 26, line 21. For "Josomen," read "Sosomen."

" 39, line 21. For "worship," read "sonship."





